MEMOIRS OF SIR ANDREW MELVILL

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, AND

THE WARS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

BY TORICK AMEER-ALI

WITH A FOREWORD BY SIR IAN HAMILTON

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FOREWORD

BY

SIR IAN HAMILTON

HERE is another book about battles at Ypres, Arras and Lens ; la Bassée, Armentières and Dixmude ; battles getting on for 300 years old, but they keep well ; fighting never grows stale ; Melvill the civilian is food for book-worms ; Melvill the soldier is as fresh as Scipio Africanus or Viscount French ; nothing is new in war but its machines.

So very much alive indeed is this life of Sir Andrew Melvill that it is hard to understand how—once printed—it ever became buried ; how—once buried—it has since lain asleep for some 200 years awaiting touch of the translator. For it is no less vital a personage than Dugald Dalgetty (or his double) who has fallen into this Rip van Winkle trance ; read Melvill first, then the Legend of Montrose, and at the end of it the real man and the literary conception will have fused themselves into one. Sir Andrew is as large as life ; Sir Dugald, larger. Each

clanks in upon us "shelled like a partan,* wi' airn on back and breast, haunch and shanks"; † each a noble Scottish blade; puffed full of his honour; shrewd; brave; loyal to his military engagements; indifferent, in the main, to their cause; finding it more easy to get "a pound of fresh butter out of a black dog's throat," † than to extract munitions out of the Duke of Lorraine or money out of the Duke of Montrose; suffering the trial of being supposed to command a certain number of muskets, whereas, really, owing to the avarice of their employers they could only face the enemy with a platoon, and that out at elbows and half armed. Did we not know explicitly from Sir Walter Scott's introduction that Dalgetty was "the production of his own fancy," we might have suspected that the Wizard of the North had found his portrait three parts painted; especially so as an attestation for Sir Andrew's birthbrief had been published by the Bannatyne Society, of which Sir Walter Scott was President, only a few months before the appearance of Sir Dugald. As it is, these Memoirs serve to show that although genius may perform the miracle of the resurrection, the Preacher still holds the field with his assurance that there is no new thing under the sun.

* Broad Scots for a crab.

† Legend of Montrose.

The teller of the tale was a Scot; a Turk-fighter; a linguist and a soldier of *ill*-fortune—as he once was happily described by Sophia, Duchess of Hanover. He had been badly knocked about on field service; so badly that this same witty Duchess speaks of his *fiancée* as preferring "half a man to no man." Sure enough a bridegroom whose chest was "only supported by an iron contrivance," part of it having been carried away by a cannon shot, would be a frosty fellow to fondle on a winter's night. But marriage is not all a matter of chests, whether for lungs or money. Melvill had rubbed shoulders with Princes; he had marched steel-clad across the stormy Belt to attack the islands of Denmark; he had been "much troubled" by the cannon balls which came skimming over that frozen sea, or darted sidelong from hummock to hummock, like Arctic humming birds; he had struggled in the marshes of the Danube and Raab against the Grand Vizier and his Janissaries; he had seen there the fascination of fear: "whole regiments of soldiers who allowed their heads to be cut off without stepping out of the ranks, or without making the least effort to defend themselves"; surely so travelled a hero would be better value to walk out with than the stay-at-home Burghers who were Mademoiselle

Lamotte's alternative. The proof, I think, is to be found in the pages of his Memoir, where we are told of leaguers, outfalls and other features of trench warfare, in a straightforward style, more convincing than the go and glitter of Paul Adam's *La Force* or the equally lop-sided blood and mud of Henri Barbusse's *Le Feu*. There is humour also in the major-general's outlook, and although innocent of religion or ideals he clung as tight as any martyr to the Protestant dogma and to the highly specialised honour of a mercenary's sword.

On one occasion he refused his life; a second time he refused a fat billet, at the price asked, namely, that he should become a Roman Catholic. As to playing false to his chief, either by word or deed, before he was duly discharged from his service, the emissary who approached him on that errand must be prepared to draw and defend himself.

Although Melvill saw his juniors pass over his head, he was too good a soldier to whittle down the merits of his rivals because they had better fortune than himself. He served some rotten masters, but always tried his best for them so long as the engagement held. Often he had to live upon free quarters wherever his strength happened to prevail; often he had to live upon his wits; not willingly did he live upon his friends.

Possessed of this outfit and experience, plus courage and as many lives as a cat, he might, one would have thought, have died a Field-Marshal. Yet he never succeeded—not really—except once when "a fine tall girl of a lively disposition who sang well," singled him out of a whole troop of wretched prisoners and brought him food and drink as well as other felicities which he is too modest to specify. How seldom, if a man is honest, can he look into his heart and say "I alone did it—I succeeded." Who is "I"? How divorce *ego* from the adventitious aids of family, clothes, reputation? How disentangle the skill of the General from the valour of his troops? the profile of the subaltern from the outline of his purse? Even a woman's heart, how easily is it swayed by the views and values of her set! But here was a poor, starving crowd of prisoners. Yes, on that occasion, certainly, Melvill made his mark.

The true reason why Sir Andrew never achieved wealth or fame was not, as he fondly imagined, because he had once the hideous bad luck to fire off a pistol to attract a ferry boat, a random shot which, perversely carrying an unheard-of distance, killed a poor little baby on the opposite bank. There is nothing in this—the reader may take it from me. In 1884 I, too, fired my revolver at what I took to be a branch on the bank

of the Nile and chanced to strike a young crocodile, which fell convulsing into the stream. I thought that would bring me luck, but it didn't. No; Melvill himself gives us the clue: "the honestie of his birth"; the fact that he was "descended of verie old, noble and creditable families" in Scotland made it too difficult for him to push or to cringe. As he remarks on the occasion of a junior obtaining preference, "but the friendship that existed between us induced me to suffer the injustice without complaint. True that they did not think they were doing me an injury and that as I asked for nothing, I surely ought not to expect anything." Another time, speaking of his farewell to a powerful patron, he says, "I left him much gratified with his frank and generous kindness, though I was not any the richer for it. But I have all my life preferred kind treatment to material advantage." Again, after the Restoration he goes over to make his salaam to King Charles II., for whom he has suffered terrible wounds at the battle of Worcester as well as the loss of every stick of property and stitch of clothing he possessed. The Merry Monarch, he tells us, "was always kindly disposed and obliging to me, but quite unable, as he himself very naïvely told me, to do anything for those who had followed him and served his cause during

the time of his tribulation. It is true that the people who were at this moment most prominent at Court were those who had contributed most to his misfortunes."

The truth is, that Melvill was a cut above his career. At every crisis of his rough and graceless life he was apt to be haunted (and handicapped) by the inherited instincts of a gentleman. You can't cut throats in kid gloves.

> "It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
> If any man obtain that which he merits,
> Or any merit than which he obtains."

Finally, one word about the editing and the corroboration by extracts from contemporary authorities. These adjuncts, to my thinking, double the value of the document. Any diary must be, in its essence, an *ex parte* statement, and it is most necessary that the range of the long bow should be very carefully checked by what our modern gunners call "cross observations."

From these we may fairly infer that Melvill was a truthful person. From these, also, we may fairly infer that the young Editor of this old memoir, Mr. Torick Ameer-Ali, should in due course count in our Empire. At a time when the worst disaster to the world would be the division of our planet into rival camps—a heavily armed West watching a heavily armed East—it is reassuring

to find a writer who, whilst thoroughly at home amongst our idioms and ideas, is himself a happy fusion of the West with what is best and most progressive in the East. Given time, we shall yet weld the world into one by rebuilding that old Tower of Babel "whose top may reach up into heaven." Only, we must have time.

As to that, D.V., we *shall* have time. Need we be down-hearted because our lines bend to the enemy's effort as a rod bends before the desperate rush of some ugly monster of the depths? Not if our men resist like Sir Andrew Melvill—and they will. The first rush is the worst: old Andrew kenned it weel.

There is no braver figure in history than that of the British soldier fighting to a finish between the devil and the deep sea. Plant him there—with his own element behind him and the enemy of mankind before him—and then; never mind (for the moment) whether he has had fair play; he will play fair.

IAN HAMILTON.

1, Hyde Park Gardens, W.
13th *April*, 1918.

MEMOIRS OF
SIR ANDREW MELVILL

INTRODUCTION

THE seventeenth century was a century of continuous war: it was the great age of the soldier of fortune. Among them are some of the foremost names of the period: Wallenstein, Montecuculi, Schomberg, Berwick, Charles of Lorraine. Melvill was not of these. He never achieved greatness, and from that fact arises part perhaps of the interest of his narrative. The majority of the military memoirs of the time were written by, or for, men already at the top, and it is interesting occasionally to see things from the bottom: to see war from the point of view of the pawns as well as of the knights and castles.

Melvill was a pawn in the great game of seventeenth-century war.

* * * *

He first saw real service in 1647, when the Thirty Years' War was already drawing to a close. During the remaining two years he fought with the French army in Flanders, over ground which has become familiar in a

still greater struggle: Ypres, Lens, Dixmude, La Bassée.

The Peace of Westphalia (1648), while it broke up the Thirty Years' War, was for France but a diplomatic incident. The war with Spain continued, and Melvill fought in it until 1655, mainly in the service of the Duke of Lorraine, himself a soldier of fortune and an exile. While in 1651 he joined Charles Stuart in his ill-fated attempt to regain the Crown, which collapsed at the Battle of Worcester.

In 1655 Melvill turned east. A great conflict had broken out at this time among the Powers of the North, fired by the ambition of Charles Gustavus of Sweden. In the wars which followed, Melvill fought, first for Brandenburg and then for Sweden, until this northern conflagration was extinguished by the death of the Swedish King and the Peace of Oliva in 1660.

At this time an event occurred which might have ended Melvill's wanderings. Charles II. was recalled to the English throne, and Melvill came over in the expectation of entering his service; but he was disappointed, and returned to Brandenburg.

He was not long wanting in active employment. In 1661 the Turks invaded Hungary. The forces of the Empire were summoned, and the contingent of Brandenburg was among

them. As Quartermaster-General under Count Josias von Waldeck, Melvill fought throughout this war, and at the decisive battle of St. Gothard which turned the tide of Ottoman invasion (1664).

On his return to Germany, Melvill entered permanently the service of George William, Duke of Lüneburg-Celle, and a few years of comparative quiet followed which enabled him to pay another visit to the court of Charles II. (1667). But a great storm that had long been gathering was about to burst upon Europe.

In 1672 Louis XIV. attacked and almost overwhelmed Holland. The Dutch maintained, however, a desperate resistance, and the Princes of Europe under the leadership of the Emperor rallied to their defence.

Of the confederates who opposed France the Duke of Celle was one, and with his army Melvill fought, first on the Rhine (1674) and then in Pomerania, where a part of it was sent to support the Elector of Brandenburg against the Swedes, allies and instruments of Louis. After six years of war, in which Holland was saved, but in which the arms of Louis made steady progress against her allies, the Dutch made a separate peace (Nimeguen, 1678); and the confederates one by one submitted to the terms which

Louis was then able to impose. Thus ended, gloriously for France, the first bout of her long duel with Europe. It was Melvill's last campaign.

* * * *

With the Peace of Nimeguen, which marked the close of his active career, Melvill's narrative ends, and therefore what little we know of his remaining years is to be gathered from the brief notice of his contemporaries. For the early part of his life, such notice is generally absent. His entry into the service of Lüneburg in 1666 marks a change in this respect that henceforward his name figures, to a certain extent at any rate, in the letters and accounts of the time.

He was early (1666) made Commandant of Celle and as such came to the notice of Sophia, Duchess of Hanover, sister-in-law of George William and mother of George Lewis, afterwards George I. of England. In her Household was a lady named Mlle. Lamotte, who became a favourite with Eleanor d'Olbreuse (Madame d'Harburg) wife of George William, and who in 1666 visited Celle at her request. The next year Sophia writes :—

"I believe Madame d'Harburg has proposed a match between Lamotte and the Governor of Cell. He is a Scotsman called Melleville ; soldier of *ill*-fortune I call him, for a cannon-shot has carried away part of his

chest, which is only supported by an iron contrivance. With all his valour he has won no greater prize than his present charge. Yet, if she be willing I am content." [1]

And a few months later—

" Lamotte's wedding is to take place soon, as she seems to prefer half a man to no man at all." [2]

When war broke out in 1672, Melvill was at last given a command, though not such a one as he had a right to expect. Nevertheless, during these years (1674–78) he attracted considerable attention, which enables us here and there to supplement his own account. In the autumn of 1674 he accompanied George William to Alsace and arrived in time to take part in the battle of Entsheim, where his own regiment and that of his friend "von Mollesson" particularly distinguished themselves. " The regiment von Melleville was composed of un-uniformed militia and the men went into action in their ordinary peasants' clothes. The night after the battle of Entsheim they spent upon the field, and having during the darkness stripped the dead, infantry and cavalry alike, appeared next morning in uniform, though of very varied cuts and

[1] Electress Sophia, April 2, 1667. "Briefwechsel der Herzogin Sophie von Hannover mit ihrem Bruder." Preuss. Staatsarchiven. Vol. 26.

[2] Electress Sophia, July 13, 1667.

colours. The Duke, who could not help laughing at this sudden transformation, from that moment took the regiment on to the regular list." [1]

In December we hear of him from the French side as commanding the infantry under Chauvet, who surprised and captured the force of Count Bourlemont at the defile of St. Marie-aux-Mines in the Vosges.[2]

The next year (1675) he took part in the battle before Trèves. ". . . Melvill also did well but his squadron was broken." [3]

We know from Melvill himself how the flying troops passed over him so that he was lucky to escape with his life. "Melvill has 16 wounds of which 8 are in the head. Yet will not die, for he is of an excellent Scots complexion and has had no fever." [4]

A fortnight later—

"Colonel Melvill is already walking about in his tent. I verily believe that the Scots are descended not from Adam but from the serpent. One cuts them into 16 pieces like Melvill and they all join together again." [5]

Yet his cure must have taken some time, for in March of the next year (1676):

[1] Sichart, "Geschichte der K. Han. Armee."

[2] Grimoard, "Quatre Dernières Campagnes de Turenne."

[3] Duke of Celle to Electress Sophia, August 11, 1675. "Memoiren der Herzogin Sophie." Preuss. Staats. Arch.

[4] Electress Sophia, Sept. 5, 1675. "Briefwechsel, etc."

[5] Electress Sophia, Sept. 19, 1675. "Briefwechsel, etc."

"Madame Melvill takes her husband to Cleves to consult the great doctor Feig about his hand which is still maimed, and which it would be a miracle if he could cure."[1]

He was well enough, however, to take part in the siege of Staden, where Molisson was killed by a grape-shot, and we know that he was completely cured by 1679, in which year he was chosen Governor by the citizens of Hamburg.

In 1680, George Lewis, son of the Duchess Sophia, and future founder of the House of Brunswick, came to England. He visited Oxford and it appears from the following entry in Wood's Fasti Oxonienses, that Melvill was in his suite.

"Feb. 25 { Andr. de Melleville, a knight and a colonel.
Anton. de Saictot.

"The last two who were of the retinue of the prince of Hannover, were created doct. of phys. after the said Prince had been created doct. of the civil law."

The real reason of Melvill's visit is made apparent from an entry in the register of the Privy Council of Scotland of the 29th March, 1683.

"Supplication by Sir Andrew Melvill as follows—'After he had attended His Majesty

[1] Electress Sophia, March 19, 1676. "Briefwechsel, etc."

in his greatest difficulties and civill-warres (and) escaped at Worcester loaded with many and dangerous wounds, he did endeavour to provide himself with service from the Dukes of Lunenburgh, and having the honour, by the favour of the Duke of Zell, one of the said dukes of Lunenburgh, to be by him advanced to be a collonell and to be governor under him of one of his provinces called Gifferne, the petitioner did in duty waitt upon the King, his native soveraigne, with the Duke of Hannover, nephew to his present master, the Duke of Zell, in the year 1681, where his Majesty was graciously pleased to remember the petitioner's service, which the petitioner thinks a sufficient reward of them; and having since his returne to Germany some occasions to match his children, providing they knew that he were a gentleman by his descent, and that being nottour enough in this his own native countrey, as amongst other means of probation a testificat produced, will, the petitioner hopes, sufficiently testifie, he therefore craves that a birthbrief might be granted to him. The Lords having considered the petition, with a certificate of the supplicant's genealogy and descent under the hands of the Earls of Leven, Tweddale and other noblemen and gentlemen, dated in March instant and marked on the back by the clerk of council, they ordain the Director of

Chancery to extend a birthbrief in his favour, and the Chancellor or his deputy-keeper of the Great Seal to append the Seal thereto."

The Attestation for Colonel Melvill's certificate "was discovered tied up with some old privy council warrants in the possession of Henry Drummond, Esq., of Blair Drummond, whose ancestor, George Drummond, was joint clerk of the Privy Council in 1685," and was published as an object of interest by the Bannatyne Society under the presidentship of Sir Walter Scott in 1829.[1]

The original Letters Patent—our authority for the birth and parentage of Melvill—lie in the archives of Gifhorn and appear to have duly fulfilled their object, for some years later his daughter, Charlotte Sophia Anna, married Alexander von Schulenburg-Blumberg, Colonel of horse and afterwards in his turn Governor of Celle.

Melvill, however, was not completely cut off from his native country. Scotland, during the last five years of Charles II.'s reign (1680–1685), suffered even more than England from an abuse of power which drove many to conspiracy and exile. Among those who fled abroad upon the detection of the Rye House Plot (1683), were Sir John Cochrane

[1] "The Diary of Mr. James Melvill," 1556–1601; Edinburgh, 1829. This James Melvill was the grandfather of Andrew Melvill. See Appendix.

and George Melville, Earl of Leven. When, upon the accession of James II., the exiles under Monmouth and Argyle ventured on their fatal expedition George Melville did not join, but he lent some aid, and with his consent apparently John Cochrane issued the following appeal to his kinsman :—

"... Wee need officers, and therfore I intrytt you to aquaint all our countrie men, who ar in ani foraigne service to cume and take imployment in their own countrie, they shall bee all well provided for. I daire not invite you, although I am perswaded of your good affectione to our cause, the weakenes of your body dissabeling you for the feilds, but if you incline to cume, you shall carve out your own command. Wee shall need men for garisons as well as for the feilds, and I houpe all our countriemen will thinke it their dewty to assist us att this time. Doe mee the favoure to putt my húmble service to Generall Shavott, and when you sie your prince, give my dewty to him, and assure him from mee that I have a deep sence of my obligations to him, and if God bliss mee, I houpe to be instrumentall in begetting a good understanding betwixt the kingdoms of Great Britain and him. Give my service and my soon's to your good lady and childering, and to Collonell Lamott, his lady, and hirr sisters. I pray God bliss you all, for the keindness showen to mee. Make

it your woorke to send home all men that can bee usefull to us." [1]

The invitation was not accepted, nor does Melvill after this date appear to have ever left his charge at Gifhorn. He died in 1706.

* * * *

Melvill's memoirs were published (in French) two years before his death at the request and instance of his friend and patron the Electress Sophia. His narrative is first and foremost a tale of adventure. To interest his audience he relies on what he actually did or saw. All that did not concern himself, all that was common knowledge at the time he deliberately omits. He does not pretend to be a historian. Not that he could avoid history, but that it is history of a particular kind—and he has left us to supply the other kind. He has left us to fill in round his story the main outlines of the European conflicts of the period. And by conflicts we mean not merely battles and sieges, marches and counter-marches, actual operations of war, but the clash of those great political forces which were the motive power of the wars—of which, indeed, the wars were but the outward and visible sign.

[1] Sir William Fraser's "House of Leven and Melville," ii. p. 101.

PART I

THE WARS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY:

OUTLINE

THE WARS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

DIVISIONS

CHRONOLOGICALLY, the wars of the seventeenth century fall into three phases. At the beginning and at the end of the century the conflicting forces of Europe met in one general upheaval: the Thirty Years' War ended in 1648, the continental wars of Louis XIV. began in 1672. In the interval between these two dates the European system separated into four more or less distinct groups of issues: a western issue between France and Spain, a northern issue between Sweden, Poland, Denmark, and Brandenburg, a southern issue between the Empire and the Turks, an insular issue between the Stuarts and their subjects. In 1672 the attack on Holland by Louis XIV. reunited these issues in a European conflict which outlasted the century.

This is the general plan of the period.

THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR

The Thirty Years' War was, on the one hand, an attempt by the House of Hapsburg to

rivet its authority upon Europe: on the other hand, it was an attack on that supremacy by the rising power of France.

• The origins of the Thirty Years' War ran far back into the sixteenth century.

The opening years of that century saw the establishment of the "nation states" of Europe—the Empire, France, Spain, England—and the beginning of that struggle for supremacy between them which has been the main thread of modern history.

The first to achieve such a supremacy was Spain. The chance union of the kingdom of Ferdinand with the Empire of Maximilian placed in the hands of Charles V. a vast preponderance of power which he determined to use for the subjugation of Europe. To such a plan the rivalry and opposition of France, situated as she was between the two great blocks of his territory, was a formidable obstacle. This obstacle Charles set about to remove, and he would have accomplished the destruction of France, but for the appearance of two fresh and unlooked-for adversaries—Martin Luther, and Suleiman the Magnificent. This combination was at length fatal to all his plans, and he died without having subdued France, rooted out heresy, or destroyed the infidel.

Philip II. succeeding only to the Spanish

portion of the possessions of Charles V. yet determined to attempt what his father had never been able to achieve. For the loss of the Empire he was soon compensated. A great religious force—counterpart of the Reformation—was at this time born in Southern Europe, of which Spain was the home, and Philip became the leader. Philip determined to ride upon the impetus of the Catholic reaction to the dominion of Europe. France was again the immediate obstacle, and her destruction the immediate object of Spain. And again she escaped such destruction "but by a miracle": the revolt and desperate resistance of the Netherlands. The Netherlands swallowed up the blood and treasure which would otherwise have been employed against France. At Philip's death the second great attempt of the Hapsburg power had failed.

The seventeenth century, therefore, opened with Spain weak from the failure of great efforts: France, on the other hand, united and unsubdued. The moment was favourable, and Henry IV. of France, having restored some measure of prosperity to his country, planned such an attack on the House of Hapsburg as might have finally destroyed its predominance in Europe. His murder on the eve of its execution averted this danger from Spain and the Empire,

and allowed them to prepare in concert a third great attempt upon Europe—an attempt which resulted in the Thirty Years' War.

Charles V., threatened at once by France, by the Turk, and by his own revolted subjects, had been forced to compromise with the latter (Peace of Passau, 1555). The terms obtained by the Protestant princes were more favourable than their real position and power justified. It was, therefore, inevitable that, sooner or later, encroachments should be made upon them by the rising tide of Catholic reaction. During the last half of the sixteenth century the "Counter-Reformation," as it was called, had made continued though gradual progress within the Empire. All that it required was a leader, and at the beginning of the seventeenth century it found such a leader in Ferdinand of Styria. In 1618 he beçame Emperor. The Protestants stood at bay, and the whole Empire "bandied against itself": Reformation and local independence, against Catholic reaction and imperial power. The rejection of Ferdinand by the Bohemian nobles was merely the spark which lighted up the blaze.

The Protestants of Bohemia and Southern Germany in concert with Bethlen Gabor, Prince of Transylvania, made a dash upon

Vienna. Ferdinand, finding himself surprised and in peril, summoned the assistance of Spain. Spain saw her advantage and grasped the opportunity. Joining hands with the Empire, she made of the Thirty Years' War a joint enterprise.

It was at first entirely successful. Bethlen Gabor made peace, "the better by reason of the Turks' protection." And the Protestants of South-West Germany, unsupported by their great Lutheran brethren of the North (Brandenburg and Saxony), were unable to withstand the joint forces of Spain and the Empire. From England came little help: James I. contemplating a Spanish match for his son, and anyhow averse to war. One foreign prince indeed (Christian of Denmark) ventured to take the field against the Emperor, but was compelled to leave it ignominiously (Battle of Lutter, 1627), and the cause which he had come to relieve seemed lost. Wallenstein was called to the supreme command of the Imperial armies and in 1628 Germany lay at his feet, save a few towns on the Baltic coast. Of these, Stralsund was one. In March Wallenstein sat down before it. In June it was relieved by a force of Swedish troops under Alexander Leslie. In the summer of 1630 Gustavus Adolphus landed in Germany.

The entry of Sweden as the champion of the German Protestants opened a new phase in the war. But it was not Sweden alone. Richelieu had just established his authority in France by the capture of La Rochelle (Oct., 1628), and was at length able to give his attention to foreign affairs. The great object of his policy was the continuance of the plan of Henry IV. for the destruction of the House of Hapsburg. In Gustavus he saw the means for its execution, and Richelieu hastened to form an alliance between France and Sweden, and to furnish funds; but the greatest service which he rendered Gustavus was to procure through his agents the dismissal of Wallenstein, the only general in Europe capable of withstanding him.

Nevertheless, the difficulties before Gustavus were not only of a military nature. An essential condition to his success was the adherence of the Lutheran Electors of the North (Brandenburg and Saxony). This adherence it seemed at first as if he would never obtain. At length, however, George William succumbed to the threat of force, and John George, exasperated at the tyranny of the Emperor, threw himself on the protection of the Swedes. The combined armies of Gustavus and the two Electors met the forces of the Emperor under Tilly at Breitenfeld, near Leipsic, and inflicted upon them a crushing

defeat (Sept., 1631). Breitenfeld broke the spell of imperial success: it also opened to Gustavus the path to the Protestants of South-West Germany, whom he had come to relieve. In May, 1632, he entered Munich. At the same time John George of Saxony entered Prague. In this crisis the Emperor appealed to Wallenstein, and Wallenstein returned as dictator. He drove the Saxons from Bohemia, forced Gustavus to retire from Bavaria, and himself took up a position in Saxony in order to cut off the Swedish retreat. There he was attacked by Gustavus, who had determined to stake all on a decisive battle (Lützen, Nov., 1632). It was decisive in the death of Gustavus. This event left Wallenstein supreme in Germany, and he determined to utilise his position in order to impose a peace on all parties. This, however, did not meet with the wishes of the Spaniards, and in January, 1634, at their instigation, the Emperor Ferdinand procured his death.

The murder of Wallenstein was the complement of the death of Gustavus. The former made impossible the complete triumph of the Emperor, as the latter had made impossible the complete triumph of the Protestants. The recognition of this deadlock and of the necessity for compromise found its way into the minds of the Princes of North Germany. The danger to themselves came no longer

from an ambitious and all-powerful overlord, but from the grasping foreigners whom they had called in to their relief. It was some such motives as these that led to the return of the Electors of Brandenburg, Saxony, and Lüneburg, with many other principalities and towns, to the allegiance of the Emperor (Peace of Prague, 1635).

The murder of Wallenstein led to one other result: the more active co-operation of the Spanish with the Imperial armies. A few months after his death the combined Austro-Spanish force inflicted upon the Swedes and Germans a crushing defeat. Nordlingen (Sept., 1634) cleared the field for the open entry of France into the war, and in May of the next year, Richelieu launched the long-deferred declaration of hostilities against Spain.

The third phase of the Thirty Years' War was an open contest between France, supported by Sweden, against Spain and Austria. Religious German motives had been eliminated; it was a contest for territorial aggrandisement, and an attempt on the part of France to wrest from the House of Hapsburg its political supremacy.

In this contest France had a double object. The acquisition of Alsace and Lorraine, and the conquest of the Spanish Netherlands.

On the Rhine Richelieu had already taken his hold. In 1633 he had annexed Lorraine and driven its duke into a lifelong exile. The same year he had been a party to the League of Heilbronn, formed after the death of Gustavus for the protection of the German Protestants. In 1634 the defeat of Nördlingen broke up that League and threw its members on to his protection. Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, Commander of the German Protestant army, entered the pay of France, and French troops occupied the fortresses of Alsace.

Richelieu's first efforts at open war were, however, not strikingly successful. And the advantages of the next few years, such as they were, were due to Bernard. In 1638 he took Breisach, key to the Upper Rhine, and made himself complete master of Alsace. The next year he died, and his army, together with his conquests, fell to France.

About this time the tide of war in Flanders, which had so far set against France, began to turn. In 1640 Arras was taken from the Spaniards. Three years later France won her first great victory in the open field (Rocroy). But a blow greater than any that could be struck by the armies of France had already fallen upon Spain; her own subjects and provinces were in revolt; Portugal and Catalonia diverted the force that should have expelled her enemies from Flanders.

In 1644 Condé left the Netherlands and joined Turenne on the Rhine. He drove Mercy back (Freiburg, August), took Philipsburg and cleared the Rhine down to Mainz. But unfortunately the successes of this campaign were deprived of a great part of their value by reason of the inability of the Swedes to co-operate, owing to their war with Denmark (1643–45).

The next year it was Turenne and Condé who were unsuccessful, while the Swedes in conjunction with Ragotski, Prince of Transylvania, invaded Bohemia, defeated the Imperial army and threatened Vienna itself.

In 1646, to remedy this want of coordination, Turenne formed the plan of joining Wrangel with his Swedes and invading Bavaria. This plan he executed with such success that Maximilian was induced to detach himself from the Emperor and make his peace with France. Meanwhile in Flanders Condé had taken Courtrai and Dunkirk.

The following year was, however, not favourable to France. Condé was sent on a fruitless errand to Spain (Lerida). Turenne was unable to hold the field on the other side of the Rhine owing to a revolt of his German troops, and the Elector of Bavaria again took up arms. In the Netherlands, the Spaniards, having concluded a separate peace with the

Dutch, who had been in alliance with France since 1635, held their own.

The year 1648 was, however, decisive. In March, Turenne joined Wrangel for a second time, marched into Bavaria and routed the Bavarian and Imperial troops at Susmarshausen (May), the remains of which, under Montecuculi, took refuge behind the Isar. In Bohemia, Königsmark with the rest of the Swedes entered Prague (July). In the Netherlands Condé, having taken Ypres, met the Spanish-Imperial army at Lens and inflicted upon it a second crushing defeat (August).

All these disasters weighed upon the Emperor, and in October peace was signed between the Emperor, France and Sweden at Münster. Sweden retained Bremen and West Pomerania, France retained Alsace.

With this Mazarin was content. The same reasons which induced him to moderate his terms, induced Spain to continue the war: namely, the outbreak in France of those disorders known as the Fronde. The contest between France and Spain therefore continued, Spain hoping to retrieve her former losses by the internal disunion of France. In this contest the Empire was separated from Spain. Indeed, the disbanded imperial troops flocked to the Spanish standards in Flanders, but **Results.**

nevertheless from this moment France was free to follow up her attack upon Spain, unhampered by the direct interference of the Empire.

The War between France and Spain

The Peace of Westphalia, while it put an end to the Thirty Years' War, was for France but a diplomatic incident, a division of her enemies. The war between France and Spain was the direct outcome of the Thirty Years' War, and the connecting thread between it and the wars of Louis XIV.

The closing years of the Thirty Years' War (1647–1648) had been disastrous for Spain. She had been unable to drive the French from Flanders. Portugal had thrown off the Spanish yoke. Catalonia and Naples were in full revolt and supported by her enemies. She was abandoned by her great ally, the Empire. There were signs, however, that the tables might soon be turned: and these signs determined Spain to continue the war with France.

The *Parlement* of Paris, in feeble imitation of the Long Parliament of England, had made itself troublesome to the Crown. Mazarin seized the opportunity afforded by Condé's

victory at Lens in 1648 to attempt coercion. He arrested three of the leading members. One of them, Broussel, happened to be the favourite of Paris, and riot and disorder followed. Out of these materials Jean François Paul de Gondi, Cardinal de Retz, organised civil war. The details of that war are to us of personal rather than political interest and they can be found in the numerous memoirs of the time. The European importance of the Fronde was, that for four years the Crown of France had to contend not only against the armies of Spain, but also against a large part of her own subjects acting in conjunction with them.

In January of 1649 the Court withdrew from Paris to St. Germain, and placed Condé at the head of the royal army. Turenne joined the rebels, but, as their leader he was consistently unsuccessful, and Condé within a few months restored the Court to Paris. Having done so, he proceeded to make himself objectionable to Mazarin. In January, 1650, Mazarin arrested and imprisoned Condé, Conti and Longueville (his brother and brother-in-law). This rash act was the signal for a new outburst of civil strife. The provinces, Paris, and the princes, represented by the Duke of Orleans, demanded the release of Condé, and the banishment of Mazarin. A

Spanish army under Turenne invaded France but was defeated at Rethel (December, 1650); nevertheless, in January, 1651, Mazarin gave way, released the princes, and fled abroad. Condé, however, upon his release decided to make civil war on his own account, raised the provinces and prepared a considerable army. The position of the Court would have been critical had not Turenne at this time come over to the Royal cause, and had not with the exchange of places between these two men, Turenne and Condé, come also a change in their fortunes. Success lay with the Royal arms. In June, 1652, the rebel troops were cut off from Paris and blockaded in Estampes. The Duke of Orleans, realising their peril, appealed to his brother-in-law, the Duke of Lorraine, soldier of fortune in the service of the Spaniards, to come to its relief. The Duke came, but was out-generalled by Turenne and out-witted by Mazarin. He withdrew from France and left the Fronde to its fate. Condé, who had retired on Paris, was followed by Turenne, and driven into the city at the famous fight of St. Antoine, July, 1652. Condé, however, agreed no better with Paris than with the Court. Tumults occurred between his own men and the Parisians, which undermined his position, and enabled Mazarin to divide the enemies of the Crown. In October, 1652, Paris made

its peace with the Court, Louis XIV. returned to his capital, and Condé fled to Spain. A few months later Mazarin slipped back and again took up the task of defeating the external enemies of France.

Spain had meanwhile reaped the full benefit of these disorders. In 1650 she had actually sent an army into France under Turenne; in 1652 she retook Dunkirk. In 1653 a Spanish army, this time under Condé, again invaded France and was again defeated. In 1654 the Spaniards laid siege to Arras, but were prevented from taking it by Turenne, in an action which brought glory both to himself and Condé who saved the bulk of the Spanish forces. In the following years France gradually won back the ground she had lost during the Fronde, but owing to the exhaustion consequent upon it and to the evenly balanced genius of Condé and Turenne, she was never able to win a decisive victory. Mazarin determined, therefore, to obtain the assistance of England. Cromwell's price was the cession of Dunkirk, and the eviction of the Stuart brothers from their asylum in France. Upon these terms he threw the "New Model" into the scale on the side of France and turned it. A few months after the Battle of the Dunes, June, 1658, to which his troops had so much contributed, Cromwell died. The prospect in England was uncertain,

and Mazarin, whose health and popularity were declining, determined to close the long duel between his country and Spain (Peace of the Pyrenees, Nov., 1659).

His terms were moderate. Louis, however, was to marry Maria Theresa, daughter of Philip IV., a union which, as Mazarin foresaw, would afford ample opportunity in the future for interference in the affairs of Spain. It was barely six years before such an opportunity occurred. Upon the death of Philip, in 1665, Louis invaded the Spanish Netherlands in the name of his wife.

The Conflict between the Stuarts and their Subjects

A few months after the Peace of Westphalia had put an end to the general European conflict, the internal conflict in England was made irreconcilable by the execution of Charles I.

Origin. England, alone of all the countries affected by the Reformation, had escaped civil war as its consequence. It was inevitable that sooner or later the issues engendered by it should of their own accord come to a head.

Yet, even in its origin, the Civil War was

not without its connection with continental politics. In 1635 France opened her attack on Spain. One of her objects was the conquest of the Spanish Netherlands, and Richelieu entered into alliance with Holland for that purpose. He bid also for the support of England. Unable to obtain that support, he determined at least to render England harmless as a possible opponent. For this purpose, he proceeded to assist the Scots in their quarrel with the English Crown. This quarrel had arisen from an attempt by Charles to force the Episcopalian Prayer-book upon the Scots, and it led to war.

In 1639 the Scots under Leslie (the same that defended Stralsund for Gustavus Adolphus in 1629) invaded England. In this crisis Charles was compelled to summon the Long Parliament (November, 1640).

In the Long Parliament the religious, financial, and constitutional issues of a century became concentrated: they were found irreconcilable, and the Long Parliament drifted into war (August, 1642).

First phase, 1642–1660.

The first three years were occupied by—

The rise of Cromwell, the construction of the New Model, and the defeat of the King. In 1645 Naseby in England and Philiphaugh in Scotland, where Montrose was routed by

David Leslie, destroyed the military fortunes of Charles. From arms he resorted to diplomacy; he sowed dissension between his enemies, the Parliament, the Army, and the Scots. In 1646 he threw himself on the protection of the latter. He came, however, into the hands of the Army, and after two years of fruitless intrigue, having exasperated all parties, he was tried and executed (January, 1649).

The Court of France, finding that things had gone much further than they had anticipated or desired, would have supported Charles. But at this time they were themselves in difficulties (Fronde, 1648–52) and the only assistance he could obtain was from the Duke of Lorraine.

Meanwhile Scotland as a whole had turned Stuart. After the failure of the premature attempt by Montrose (May, 1650), Charles II. accepted the Scots conditions formulated by Argyll, and set sail. Cromwell immediately invaded Scotland and defeated Leslie at Dunbar (Sept., 1650). In January, 1651, Charles II. was crowned at Scone. In August he marched South and arrived at Worcester, where Cromwell met and destroyed his army. Charles escaped to France.

After the failure of this attempt, the power of Cromwell was assured. In 1653 he became Protector, and raised England as a naval

and military Power to a conspicuous position in Europe. And as such he was courted by the rival Powers of France and Spain, now engaged in a death struggle in which neither could strike the final blow. In 1657 Cromwell decided for France. His reason for so doing was twofold. In the first place, he wished to cut off the Stuarts from their hold in France: in the second place, he desired for England a footing on the Continent. He wished to drive a wedge between France and the Spanish Netherlands which would make him arbiter between the two Powers. In 1658 he helped France to defeat her enemy, and received Dunkirk as the price of his assistance. In the same year he died. While Mazarin was negotiating the terms of the Treaty of the Pyrenees, reaping the fruits of the English Alliance, Charles II. passed the Cardinal on his way to England—recalled, to his own and to every one else's surprise, to the throne of his country (May, 1660).

Second phase, 1660–1688. Restoration.

Charles II. was restored to the throne without the help and against the wishes of Mazarin. Nevertheless, he was so situated as inevitably to become dependent on France. He had returned with the fixed determination not to come into violent conflict with his subjects. To avoid doing so, he must have some independent source of supply. The only person to whom he was worth much gold

was Louis XIV., who bought with it the acquiescence of England in the course of action he was about to pursue in Europe.

The first outcome of this subjection was the sale of Dunkirk to Louis (1662), to whom it was essential to the carrying out of his plans of conquest. Three years later the time was ripe. Louis, therefore, fanned the flames of war between England and Holland (1665–1667), and promised support to both sides. Meanwhile he annexed the Spanish Netherlands.

The Dutch War was mismanaged and disastrous for England: and the shame of defeat completed the growing unpopularity of Clarendon. Charles abandoned him, and for a time gave way to the demand for an anti-French policy, caused by the conquests and duplicity of that nation. So that in 1668 England was the prime mover in the alliance with Sweden and Holland, which checked the progress of Louis. Charles, however, was never happy in his opposition to France, and two years later (secret Treaty of Dover) he tied himself hand and foot to the crown of that country. He agreed, first, to join in an attack upon Holland; second, to introduce Catholicism into England.

In 1672 France and England declared war on the Dutch. The war turned out longer than expected. The subsidies of France were not sufficient to meet the expenses of our

fleet, and Charles was unwillingly compelled to have recourse to Parliament. The country was in no pleasant mood. Charles had faithfully carried out the domestic part of his bargain with Louis; *i.e.* the introduction of Catholicism. Parliament demanded the repeal of measures which had been promulgated for this purpose (Declaration of Indulgence, 1672), and secondly peace with Holland. It was made in 1674. The Protestant reaction, however, continued, and with it the antagonism to France, which bore fruit in the marriage of Mary, daughter of the Duke of York, to the Prince of Orange. The country clamoured for war against France, and Charles himself was at one time willing. He was, however, duped by Louis, who, in 1678, brought off the Peace of Nimeguen, without England having taken any part against him.

Louis, well aware of the danger which had threatened him from England, now resorted to his second weapon. A great conflagration (Popish Plot and Exclusion Bill) was gathering in England, the natural outcome of the Protestant uprise, and the flames of this were eagerly fed by French emissaries. For the moment it seemed as if Charles were lost, but he survived; a reaction set in and for the last four years (1681–1685) of his reign his position was more secure and absolute than it had yet been.

Third phase, 1688–1714. Exile of Stuarts.

In 1685 James succeeded; placed the crown in a renewed dependence upon Louis, and proceeded to alienate each section of his subjects. In 1688 William of Orange, his son-in-law, was summoned to replace him, and England was thrown into fixed and irrevocable opposition to France.

In 1714 the House of Brunswick, in the person of George Lewis, Elector of Hanover, finally replaced the Stuarts.

The conflict between the Stuarts and their subjects was by no means a domestic issue; but throughout a part of the system of continental politics. It was perhaps the main factor in the rise and fall of the fortunes of France. In its first stage, 1642–1660, it allowed France to make her great attack on Spain unhampered; in its second, 1660–1688, it enabled France to impose her will on Europe; in its third, 1688–1714, it was the decisive factor in her decline.

The War between Sweden, Brandenburg, Denmark, and Poland

During the Thirty Years' War, the affairs of the North had been inseparably connected with those of the West. During the wars

of Louis XIV. it was the same. But during the interval (1648–1672) the North had a relatively distinct existence. The war 1655–1660 was essentially a northern war.

Denmark had been the first Power of the North to come to the help of the German Protestants. But after the great defeat of Christian IV. at Lutter (1627) she retired from the scene and Sweden in the next year took her place. These two kingdoms had long been rivals for the command of the entrance to the Baltic, and before the end of the Thirty Years' War the old rivalry broke into a war (1643–45) which ended disastrously for Denmark (Peace of Brömsebro). Origins.

The part of *Brandenburg* in the Thirty Years' War was inglorious. George William had only entered it under heavy pressure from Gustavus Adolphus, and when his own dearest interests were at stake. In 1635 he had made his peace with the Emperor; which, however, did not prevent the unfortunate Mark of Brandenburg from being ravaged by both armies. In 1640 succeeded Frederick William, who, by careful negotiation, managed to keep his lands relatively undisturbed until the Peace of Westphalia, at which Peace he received East Pomerania.

The Thirty Years' War left *Sweden* the foremost Power of the North; great in her

military traditions, and in her hold upon the Continent through Bremen and West Pomerania; but exhausted and impoverished and committed to a career of conquest for her recuperation. It left Brandenburg with her aspirations unfulfilled, her territories scattered and imperfect, overshadowed by the power of Sweden, and with a plain policy to pursue. It left Denmark impotent but burning to revenge herself on Sweden; Poland, as always, an obvious and apparently easy prey.

I. Polish War, 1655–1657.

Six years after the peace, Christina, who had contributed so much towards it, resigned the crown to a cousin, Charles Gustavus, whose one occupation was war. His ultimate purpose was the complete control of the Baltic, by the acquisition of those territories on its shores which did not already belong to Sweden.

While he was considering in which quarter to begin his conquests—whether to attack Denmark, Prussia, or Poland—the action of John Casimir, in refusing to recognise his succession, determined him upon the last. In July, 1655, he marched into Poland. Many Poles, among them the Protestant prince Radsivil, came over to his side, and in August he occupied Warsaw, and pursued Casimir out of his country. Meanwhile

Frederick William, who knew that a mere chance had decided that his territories were not the object of the Swedish attack, was taking measures for his own defence in East Prussia, which actions gave offence and alarm to Charles. He therefore hurried back from Poland, ran the Elector to earth in Königsberg, and forced upon him a very unwelcome treaty of alliance, or rather dependence. At the beginning of the next year Poland had risen against her conquerors. In June the Elector was obliged to enter into a still closer engagement with Charles, and to supply him with troops as a support and as pledge of good behaviour. The joint armies marched upon Warsaw, which had been retaken by the Poles. A great battle was fought (1656), and for a second time John Casimir was driven south. Whereupon the Elector, having as he considered done his work, withdrew with the bulk of his troops to Prussia, leaving but a small force with the Swedish army. Meanwhile the Russians had invaded the Baltic Provinces of Sweden. This event enabled Frederick William to bring pressure to bear on Charles Gustavus, who very unwillingly accepted his proposal that he should be made free sovereign of Prussia (Treaty of Labiau, November, 1656).

One other ally Charles had succeeded in bringing into the field against the now combined Poles and Russians; this was George

Ragotski, prince of Transylvania. In the spring of 1657 the Swedish and Transylvanian armies met in Lithuania and proceeded against the Russians. Simultaneously, Charles received news that the Danes were about to attack him, and a little later that the Emperor, agitated by the action of Ragotski, had joined the confederacy against the Swedes. Frederick William recalled his men. Charles, finding himself surrounded by his enemies, hastened to withdraw from Poland, and leaving Ragotski to his fate, hurried north. He reached Swedish Pomerania in July and immediately marched into Denmark, conquered the greater part of Jutland, and laid siege to Fredericksödde (taken in October).

11. Danish War, 1657–1660.

The Danes, however, assisted by the Dutch, held the command of the sea, and Charles was encircled by his enemies joined at this time by the Elector of Brandenburg, who, stipulating the same sovereignty of East Prussia as he had obtained from Sweden, made peace with Poland and an offensive alliance with the Danes (Treaty of Wehlau, September, 1657). After some months of uncertainty Charles determined on the plan which so struck the imagination of contemporaries. The sea froze and on the night of 30th January, 1658, the King, Wrangel, and De la Gardie led the Swedish army, horse, foot, and guns, over the ice to the island of

Fünen. It was taken by storm, and the army proceeded again upon the ice to Zealand, where it arrived on the 12th. Charles marched on Copenhagen, and the Danes accepted the terms it pleased him to impose (Treaty of Roskild, March, 1658). In August, however, war broke out again. Charles embarked his army from Kiel, landed on Zealand and laid siege to Kronborg (August 16th–September 6th). He then invested Copenhagen. The Danes, however, made a vigorous resistance, assisted by the Dutch fleet, which threw supplies into the town and cut off the Swedes from their base. During this time the Elector of Brandenburg, supported by the Imperialists under Montecuculi, had marched into Jutland and driven out the Swedes. In February, 1659, Charles abandoned the siege of Copenhagen, but remained in Zealand. In May, England, France, and Holland entered into a compact among themselves to enforce upon the belligerents the Peace of Roskild. De Ruyter was entrusted with the task. Before any agreement was come to, Charles Gustavus died (February, 1660). The great obstacle to the pacification of the North was gone, and in this year peace was made between Sweden, Poland, Denmark, and Brandenburg (Treaties of Oliva and Copenhagen).

In 1667 the activities of Sweden began to

revive. The Dutch and English were at war, and Louis, at that moment engaged in annexing the Spanish Netherlands, was anxious that the balance, which he had been at such pains to establish between the two Maritime Powers, should not be disturbed. The Danes were still the allies of the Dutch, and it seemed probable that the Swedes would throw their weight on to the opposite side. Louis, therefore, directed their attention to the City of Bremen, which had long been the object of their ambition. Wrangel laid siege to the city, but was prevented from taking it by a coalition of the North German princes under the leadership of the Elector of Brandenburg, who henceforth appears as the chief competitor of the Swedes for the supremacy of the North.

The next year Sweden was a party to the triple alliance. She did not for long, however, abandon her traditional alliance with France. In 1672 (on the eve of his attack on Holland) Louis came to an agreement with the Swedes, by which, in return for large annual subsidies, the Swedes engaged to assist Louis if he were attacked by any North German Power. The North German Power contemplated was Brandenburg.

During the war 1672–79 the Swedes were throughout the loyal though unsuccessful

allies of Louis. They waited to fall upon Brandenburg until the Elector had taken his army to the Rhine (October, 1674). They then marched into his territories and seized quarters; later they began to wage open war. In the summer of the next year, the Elector hastened back with his own and a few other troops, surprised the Swedes and totally defeated them (Fehrbellin, June, 1675). In the next month the Danes joined Brandenburg and helped the Elector to conquer Swedish Pomerania and the possessions on the Baltic. Meanwhile a combined force of the troops of Lüneburg, Celle, Münster, Wolfenbüttel and Brandenburg had begun to drive the Swedes from Bremen. In 1676 Staden, the last place remaining to them in Bremen, was lost. The next year the Elector took Stettin; and in 1678 cleared the whole Baltic coast from Prussia westwards of the enemy. The Elector, however, was to lose to Louis's diplomacy the fruits of his conquests. In June, 1678, Louis having divided and imposed terms upon the confederates, insisted that the Northern Powers, especially Brandenburg, should restore their conquests to the Swedes. The Elector attempted to resist, but, abandoned by his allies and being threatened by an invasion of the French troops in Cleves under Crequy, was forced to submit (June, 1679, St. Germain-en-Laye).

It was a bitter disappointment to Frederick, and as a result Brandenburg abandoned for a time her traditional policy and placed herself in dependence on France. In 1685, however, he rejoined the Prince of Orange, was a firm supporter of the League of Augsburg, and encouraged William on his expedition to England in 1688. In which year he himself died.

THE WAR BETWEEN THE EMPIRE AND THE TURKS

During the Thirty Years' War the Turks were too much occupied with their own affairs to take part. It was their fortune always to wait until the Emperor was at peace with his neighbours to attack him. The war of 1660–1664 was a duel between Empire and Turks unconnected directly with Western European politics. A few years later, 1671, the Porte entered the diplomatic system of France, and became her firm ally in the wars of Louis XIV.

During the early part of the seventeenth century the Turks were engaged in a desperate struggle with Persia on the Euphrates line: a struggle which was decided in 1638 by the capture of Bagdad by Murad IV. In 1644

began the twenty years' war with Venice for the possession of Crete. Meanwhile the Ottoman Empire as a whole was suffering from every symptom of decline.

In 1656 the fortunes of the Turks fell to their lowest ebb. Anarchy reigned within, while the fleets of the Venetians held the seas, and threatened Constantinople itself. In this crisis recourse was had to Mohammed Kiuprili, an old man, who, having grasped supreme power, cleansed and re-invigorated the whole Empire. He was a firm believer in the remedy of war, and the affairs of Transylvania, as they had done many times before, gave him the excuse and the opportunity to apply it.

In 1657 George Ragotski, prince of that country, who was tributary to the Porte, had invaded Poland against the express orders of the Sultan. Kiuprili determined to punish this disobedience, and the next year he invaded Transylvania and deposed Ragotski who, however, returned and ejected the Turkish nominee. In 1660 the Vizier marched again into Transylvania, defeated and killed Ragotski. He then besieged and took Waradin, which gave him command of the plains of Hungary and imperilled the passage of help from the Empire to Transylvania. The people of Transylvania had sent to the Emperor craving his assistance, and the approach of the Ottoman armies

who chased Kimini (Ragotski's successor) across the Teysse, determined him to grant it. The Imperial army was assembled in the neighbourhood of Pressburg (1661), with the expectation of attacking the main Turkish posts on the Danube. Much to its disgust, it was sent to restore Kimini and succour the Transylvanians. After a hard march across North Hungary they reached Transylvania, only to find that the people had changed their minds and had chosen another Prince. The old Vizier avoided battle, and after putting a strong garrison into Klausenburg, the Imperial troops retired behind the Teysse. After this campaign, Mohammed Kiuprili died and his son Achmet took his place.

At the opening of the next year Kimini attempted (1662) to enter his principality without waiting for the Imperial troops, but was defeated and killed. The Turks then laid siege to Klausenburg, without which they could hardly proceed against the Imperial forces in Hungary. They were unable to take it, and the Vizier, under cover of peace negotiations, prepared for a greater effort the following year.

The Imperial troops found themselves scattered (1663), some in garrison in Transylvania, and some in Styria, which left but a small force to defend the main entrance into Austria. This entrance was guarded by a

system of small rivers, tributaries of the Danube, which here separates and encloses in its two arms the Island of Schütt. Three important towns, Comorra on the Danube itself, Neuhausel on the Waag to the north, Javarin on the Raab to the south, contained the forces that were to hold the line of these rivers, and protect Vienna. The main army, therefore, after garrisoning each of these, took up its position at Altenburg, from which it could hasten to the relief of whichever was attacked. In August the Ottoman army, under Achmet Kiuprili in person, arrived at Gran. He first made as if to attack Javarin, but marched north and laid siege to Neuhausel.

The Imperial army moved from Altenburg and took up a more central position at Lanitz, so as to cover Pressburg; and at the same time sent troops forward to hold the Waag. The Turks, however, forced a crossing, and the Imperial base was moved to Pressburg, which was put into a state of defence, trenches being thrown up from the end of the mountains to the Danube. The Turks, after an attempt upon the town, turned their attention to the Island of Schütt. The Imperialists had grasped the importance of this position, and put into it a large garrison. After repeated attacks the Grand Vizier, having taken Neuhausel, determined to retire into winter quarters, leaving the decisive blow for

the next campaign. He thus lost one of the greatest opportunities ever offered to the Ottoman arms.

During the winter the Imperial army was reörganised (1664) and the contingents of the Empire incorporated with it. Early in the year it was decided to make a raid into the Ottoman territory in the south-west, in the corner formed by the Raab and the Danube. It was supposed that by destroying the famous bridge at Essek the Christian army would be protected from any sudden attack by the Turks. While they were calmly besieging Canisia, came the news that the Grand Vizier, having rebuilt the bridge in ninety days, had crossed the Drave and was marching to its relief. The army hurriedly retreated to the river Muer, where it attempted to make a stand. From there it was forced to retreat hurriedly to the Raab, lest it should be forestalled by the Turks, and thus lose its last line of defence. The Turks, after several fruitless attempts to cross, finally, at St. Gothard, determined to force a passage by sheer weight, and give battle to the Christian army, now reinforced by the contingent of French volunteers under Coligny and La Feuillade.

The battle, though at times critical, turned out at last a complete victory for the Christian arms. The Turks lost the flower

of their army, and shortly afterwards offered terms which were gladly accepted by the Emperor (Treaty of Vasvar, August, 1664). Neuhausel was retained by the Turks.

From Hungary Achmet Kiuprili hastened back to the siege of Candia, which he took in 1669, bringing the long conflict between the Turks and Venice to a close.

In the Hungarian war, and in the siege of Crete, France, in rendering help to the enemies of the Turks, abandoned her traditional policy. The necessities of Louis soon demanded that the old alliance between them should be renewed. He was about to engage in an enterprise that would bring upon him the hatred of Europe: in the Turks he had a weapon with which he could restrain the Empire, as in the Swedes he had a weapon to restrain Germany. In 1671, on the eve of the attack on Holland, France renewed her alliance with the Porte. The Turks, however, were for the moment occupied with a severe and not uniformly successful war against the Poles under Sobieski, and did not, therefore, attack the Empire during the war of 1672–1678.

In 1676 Achmet Kiuprili died, and his brother-in-law, Kara Mustapha, succeeded to power.

Hardly, however, had the Peace of

Nimeguen freed the Empire from her western danger, than the Turkish armies began to move. Hungary under Tekeli, covertly assisted by the Porte, rose in revolt against the Catholic oppression of the Emperors, In 1683 Kara Mustapha, encouraged by the French, determined to invade Hungary. At Essek, the Turks joined Tekeli and the united armies marched on Vienna. In July the siege began. In September John Sobieski with the Polish army joined the Austrian forces under the Duke of Lorraine, and the German contingents under Waldeck. The combined army marched straight to Vienna, surprised and routed the besiegers. The relief of Vienna was the turning point in the history of the Turks: from this time they were consistently defeated and the Empire extended its bounds east and south at the expense of the Ottoman territories.

As soon as the Turkish armies were on the move, Louis annexed Strasburg. While Vienna was under siege and apparently doomed, he took up arms in the Spanish Netherlands and seized Luxemburg, Courtrai, Dixmude, and Treves. The repulse of the Turks and their failure to withstand the attack of the Empire was one of the greatest blows suffered by Louis's policy. He was no longer able to rely upon them to hold in check the

Empire, which he had so mortally injured. Nevertheless Louis continued to regard the war between the Empire and the Turks as an essential part of his system. The war, therefore, lasted eleven years more, and was marked by the continual recession of the Turkish frontiers.

THE WARS OF LOUIS XIV

The wars of Louis XIV. lasted for over forty years, but their motive throughout was the same: namely, the achievement by France of the dominion of Europe, a dominion founded upon the abasement of her former rival, Spain.

The attack on Holland in 1672 was the Origin: signal for the various groups of European conflicts to coalesce, and it therefore opened a new epoch. The Dutch war was itself, however, but a result of the annexation of the Spanish Netherlands by Louis in 1667. In 1660 France had successfully closed her long duel with Spain. Mazarin died and Louis ruled alone. He was not of the same patient temper. His troops were in demand and renowned throughout Europe. He was impatient to employ them in the service of France, and the death of his father-in-law,

Philip IV. of Spain, gave him the opportunity. In 1667 he invaded the Spanish Netherlands and Franche-Comté, meeting with little resistance. The Dutch and English hastened to compose the quarrels which had allowed Louis a free hand, and with Sweden formed an alliance to impose peace upon both belligerents (May, 1668). Louis saw that he was outmoved and himself offered terms to Spain: the return either of his conquests in Flanders or of Franche-Comté. The Spaniards chose the worst, namely Franche Comté, thus leaving the Flemish towns in the hands of France, the gates into Holland, and the means by which Louis might revenge himself on that country for the part which it had taken against him. Having determined to crush the Dutch, he spared nothing to make his enterprise short and successful. He detached England and Sweden (Secret Treaty of Dover, 1670), he subsidised the Princes of North Germany, he allied himself with the Turk. Not only did he isolate but he divided Holland, fomenting the old rivalry between Orange and Republican. In 1672 England and France declared war.

First Phase, 1672–1678.

The Dutch were disunited and unprepared, and the French armies under Condé, Turenne, and Vauban overran their country. In this extremity De Witt offered terms. They were rejected by Louis. A violent reaction set

in, the De Witts were murdered (August, 1672) and the Prince of Orange was made Dictator. The sluices were opened and Amsterdam became the citadel of the Dutch people, protected and fed from the sea. Louis considered he had done enough, and retired to Versailles to celebrate his triumphs. Meanwhile the Princes of Europe, who had "stood at a gaze upon the opening of the war," began to rally to the protection of the Dutch. In October the Elector of Brandenburg and the Emperor decided to arm in their favour, and in the next campaign (1673) their forces appeared on the Rhine under the Elector himself and Montecuculi. The French were at first completely successful. Turenne isolated the Elector, drove him back into Halberstadt, and forced him to lay down his arms (June). In the same month Vauban took Maestricht. The coalition, however, continued to grow. In August it was joined by Spain and the Duke of Lorraine. In the autumn Montecuculi formed a junction with the Prince of Orange and took Bonn. Threatened from this quarter the French were compelled to relinquish the bulk of their conquests in the Netherlands.

The next year (1674) the whole Empire joined against France, and the Elector of Brandenburg took up arms for a second time. Worse still, in February England abandoned the French alliance and made peace with the

Dutch. At the beginning of this year, therefore, Louis found himself deprived of his conquests in the Netherlands, abandoned by his allies, and faced by the growing military superiority of his opponents.

Nevertheless, he determined upon a plan of conquest. Condé was to deal with the Prince of Orange in the Netherlands. Louis himself was to sweep into Franche Comté and annex that province. Turenne, in the centre, should keep in play the main confederate army and prevent it from entering France. Turenne by "plain force of skill" accomplished the task assigned to him.

Before the allied armies were prepared or united, or the troops of Brandenburg could arrive, he crossed the Rhine at Philipsburg, drove back and defeated the troops opposed to him at Sinzheim (June 16th) and again at Ladenburg (July). He then ravaged the Palatinate with the object and result of rendering the advance of the confederates more difficult and limiting the stretch of line which he had to defend. In September, however, the confederate armies, without waiting for the troops of Brandenburg, crossed the Rhine and possessed themselves of Strasburg, key to Alsace. Turenne did not allow them to retain it. He attacked and drove them back across the river (Entsheim, October 4th). However, upon the

junction of the Brandenburg troops (October 14th) he was unable to hold his advanced position and retired behind the Vosges. The confederate armies crossed the river, marched south and settled down comfortably in winter quarters on the plains of Mühlhausen. There in the depth of winter (27th December) Turenne fell upon them, and drove them in disorderly flight into Germany. Thus at the end of the year 1674 it was said that there remained "not a single soldier on the western side of the Rhine who was not a Frenchman or a prisoner." Meanwhile Louis had occupied Franche-Comté, as arranged. In the Netherlands, however, the campaign was indecisive. In August the two armies met at Senef and fought a pitched but fruitless battle: William's first, and Condé's last. In the autumn, after a weary siege, the Dutch retook Grave.

The next year (1675) both sides made preparations for a decisive effort. The French summoned the Swedes to fall upon the territories of the Elector of Brandenburg in his absence, and he had to withdraw from the Rhine to go to their relief. Montecuculi, however, was placed in command of the German army, and a duel between the two great Generals ensued. In July, Turenne forced his opponent back to the Black Forest, and compelled him to accept battle (Sasbach). On the eve of the attack Turenne was killed

by a chance shot, and his army, pursued by Montecuculi, retreated across the Rhine. With the news of Turenne's death came that of the total defeat of the Swedes (Fehrbellin, 16th June), upon whose success France had so much relied. In August, Crequy, who had succeeded Condé in the Netherlands, got himself defeated at Consaarbrück, and being shut up in Treves, was captured with all his force.

Had Montecuculi pursued his advantage and struck a decisive blow at the centre of France, the position of that country would have indeed been critical.

As it was, the misfortunes of this year made Louis alter his plans. A congress had been formed at Nimeguen under the mediation of Charles II. and Louis now bent all his efforts to secure an advantageous peace. For three more years (1676–1678) the war continued, with consistent though small successes on the part of France, consistent failure on the part of her Swedish allies. But during those years the main interest of the conflict shifted from war to diplomacy. The ablest heads in the service of France were employed to divide the confederates, and to force upon them unfavourable terms. The confederates, on their side, strove hard to keep together and, above all, to bring England into line against France.

In 1677 they all but succeeded in doing

so. The campaign was unfortunate for the Prince of Orange, who lost St. Omer, Cambrai, Bouchain, and Valenciennes, and did not himself succeed in any of his enterprises. It became apparent to Charles that Louis was drawing out the peace negotiations for ulterior purposes, and in order to strengthen his hand he allowed the marriage of William and Mary (Sept. 1677). From this moment Charles gradually made up his mind to join the confederates, and compel Louis to accept reasonable terms. At the beginning of the next year the French occupied Ghent and Ypres. Thereupon English troops were sent to garrison Ostend, and war between the two countries appeared inevitable. Louis, however, duped Charles once more, and in August came the news that the Dutch, exasperated and perplexed by the instability of England, had accepted a separate peace, and it was too late. The negotiations of Nimeguen were the greatest diplomatic triumph of Louis's reign. The whole confederacy now fell apart, and the members of it, one by one, acceded to the peace.

In the first stage of his conflict with Europe, Louis had won.

The second stage of the conflict of Louis with Europe lasted from 1678–1688. It was occupied by a great diplomatic contest between

Second Phase, 1678–1688

Louis and William, Prince of Orange. In this contest the one sought to achieve, the other to prevent, the destruction of the European coalition, and each strove to win the support of England.

During the first part of this period Louis was generally successful. He divided the coalition, and attached to himself the Princes of North Germany, more especially the Great Elector. He rendered impotent the Prince of Orange, by stirring up against him the old hatred and suspicion of the Republicans, and by working upon their jealousy of the English match. He disarmed the Empire by bringing the Ottoman army to the gates of Vienna. Finally Charles, having surmounted the crisis of the Exclusion Bill, found himself in a position to disregard the anti-French tendencies of his subjects. Louis profited by these diplomatic successes to make further encroachments on the territories of his neighbours. In 1681 he annexed Strasburg. The next year, just as the Turkish armies were sweeping into Hungary, he laid siege to Luxemburg and took it. Indeed, it was said by contemporaries that the conquests of France in time of peace were greater than in time of war.

The turning point of Louis's career was, however, at hand. The Turks were driven south by the Polish Imperial arms (1683), and

the Empire was freed once more to resent the aggressions of France. In the same year Louis began that policy of religious persecution in his own country which undid his whole diplomatic system. The Dutch became once more united against France. The great Elector regretted the measures he had taken with that Crown and entered into a new agreement with the Prince of Orange. James, who had succeeded to the English throne, embarked upon a policy which his subjects compared with justice and apprehension to the doings of the King of France, and which united them against him. It was, in fact, Louis himself who enabled William of Orange, in 1686, to form the continental coalition known as the League of Augsburg: and to take his measures with the disaffected leaders in England.

In 1688, on the eve of war between France and the League, William was called to the throne of England and brought the resources of that country into the scale against France.

Third Phase, 1688–1712.

The third phase of the conflict of Louis XIV. with Europe contained the wars of the League of Augsburg (1688–1698) and the wars of the Spanish Succession (1702–1712). In both of those wars France faced a European coalition, led by England. Louis fully recognised the blow that the fall of the Stuarts had dealt to his policy and to the

fortunes of France. He made, therefore, every effort to re-establish them. But the result of these efforts was unexpected and unfortunate for France. They forced England to assume more and more the position of chief opponent of France both on land and sea. In 1701 it was Louis's recognition of the Pretender as King of England which determined the country to enter the war of the Spanish Succession, for which it had shown no enthusiasm. Before the end of that war, the contest between France and England had spread beyond Europe. The two countries stood opposed to one another : rivals for world-Empire.

Connecting Thread

For purposes of analysis the seventeenth century is divisible into three phases : the Thirty Years' War, the intermediate wars, the wars of Louis XIV.

But across the chronological divisions of the century, through all its war and politics, ran one continuous thread ; the rivalry between France and Spain. In 1600, France had barely escaped a Spanish nominee as king. In 1635 she began her open attack on the House of Hapsburg. In 1648 she isolated Spain. By 1660 she had defeated

Spain. In 1667 she proved the subjection of Spain. In 1700 Louis would have abolished the Pyrenees. In 1712 a Bourbon sat on the throne of Spain.

By that time, however, a new candidate for the supremacy of Europe had arisen. The main thread of the eighteenth century is the rivalry between England and France.

ANDREW MELVILL

Born 1624.
Served in France, 1647–48.
,, at Worcester, 1651.
,, in France, 1651–1655.
,, in Poland, etc., 1655–1660. Came to Eng. 1660.
,, in Hungary, 1664. Came to Eng. 1666 or 1667.
,, on Rhine and against Swedes, 1672–78.
Made Governor of Gifhorn, 1679.
Came to England with Prince of Hanover (George I.), 1680.*
Received Letters patent from Charles II., 1683.
Died, 1706.
Memoirs published Amsterdam, 1704–1705.

Wood's "Fasti." (9th March, 1683. Edinburgh.)

PART II

MEMOIRS OF SIR ANDREW MELVILL

MEMOIRES
DE MONSIEUR
LE CHEVALIER
DE
MELVILL

GENERAL MAJOR
des Troupes de S. A. S.
Monſeigneur le DUC DE CELL,
& Grand Baillif du Comté
de Giforn.



A AMSTERDAM,
Chez JAQUES DESBORDES,
vis-a-vis la grande Porte de la Bourſe.
M. DCCIV.

FACSIMILE OF ORIGINAL TITLE PAGE.

MADAM,

I should not have ventured to dedicate these Memoirs to your Electoral Highness had I not learnt that your Highness had expressed a wish that they should see the light. The Manuscript having fortunately fallen into my hands I embrace the opportunity to render to your Electoral Highness some part of the homage due.

There is none who does not hold it both an honour and a duty to contribute to the satisfaction of a Princess, at once the glory and ornament of our century, and I shall esteem myself only too happy, should the narrative of the Adventures of the Chevalier Melvill find some place in the hours of recreation of your Electoral Highness.

Your Electoral Highness will discern in them matter which will assuredly appeal to your generous nature. You will see, Madam, examples of valour and courage worthy of a man who has had the honour of serving the Princes of your August House. You will see that the soundest merit is not always accompanied by good fortune. You will see virtue unshaken amidst the most cruel misfortunes and bitter disappointments which would have daunted a spirit less firm, but

which in this case only served to strengthen the resolution to place duty in the forefront, whatever might ensue, leaving the ultimate issue to Heaven.

The example of virtue so pure and disinterested, invariably persecuted by blind Fortune, cannot be displeasing to a Princess compassionate to those in misfortune, and the supporter of the cause of virtue wherever it is to be found.

But that which most of all will please your Electoral Highness, and which strengthened me in my endeavour to place your illustrious name at the head of this work, is the ardent zeal which the Chevalier Melvill ever evinced for the True Religion to which he showed himself so strongly attached, that neither threats nor promises were capable of shaking his faith. Piety so deep and true, being a ray of that which shining in your August Person is the object of our admiration, cannot but be agreeable to yourself.

This, Madam, would be the place to enlarge upon that exquisite piety and the thousand other virtues which accompany it, if it were not beyond my powers, and if the modesty of your Electoral Highness did not impose silence on all those who desire to offer their meed of praise.

But, Madam, your Electoral Highness will permit me to say that while in all other things

you will always be readily obeyed, not the most absolute authority can prevent Fame from publishing your praise. Fame can spread abroad that which an individual like myself cannot utter without wounding modesty. Fame may say that even the sceptres and crowns of your ancestors, which by legitimate succession will some day devolve upon the Princes who owe you their being, are not comparable to the glory of your heroic virtues.

Man sees nothing more exalted than a Throne. All things seem paltry beside Royalty, but the Soul of your Electoral Highness, greater than greatness itself, possesses these without vainglory; and without surrender of Dignity you accept with benign grace the homage rendered by the most humble.

It is this which gives me hope, Madam, that your Electoral Highness will pardon my temerity, for in it I have no other object but to contribute if it be possible to your pleasure, and to testify that I shall all my life remain, with profound and inviolable respect,

Madam,

Your Electoral Highness's

Most humble and most obedient servant,

JACQUES DESBORDES.

MEMOIRS OF SIR ANDREW MELVILL

It is the most difficult task imaginable to speak of oneself in such manner as to please every one. 1624.

I do not pride myself upon having discovered the secret and would have been reluctant to submit the memories of my life to the judgment of the public, had not the commands of an august princess imposed upon me that duty.

It was evident that nothing could excuse me from obeying her behest; far better to expose myself to criticism than to forego the opportunity of gratifying her wishes.

I was born in the year 1624 in the month of May. I will not say much about the House of Melvill from which I am descended. Suffice it that it has always held a distinguished place among the oldest Houses of Scotland. To this all the histories of the kingdom bear testimony; but infinitely more I prize the fact that it was one of the first to embrace the Reformed Religion, and one of those which have remained most faithfully attached to it.

So long as Scotland had a separate king

1624. my ancestors filled high offices of State, but after James VI. was called to the throne of England, my family, which did not follow the Court, began to decline.

At the time I came into the world my father was living quietly as a prosperous gentleman in his own home. He had chosen a wife of the House of Kellie, and he flattered himself, not without reason, that this alliance would restore the family to the position it had once held.

His brother-in-law Kellie, who had no taste for wedded life, was Chamberlain to Charles I., and stood high in his good graces. The royal favour, and his official rank, obliged him to incur an expenditure far surpassing his revenues; but my father, who looked to him to retrieve the fortunes of his House, assisted him on every occasion with his purse and with his credit.

Things, however, went very differently from what he had anticipated. My uncle died in the prime of his life and the fullness of his expectations; and with him vanished all those expectations which the family had built upon his future.

This was not, as yet, the greatest misfortune that befell us; my father as next heir entered into possession of the property of his brother-in-law without knowing that it was heavily charged with debt. However, he was not

left long in ignorance of this fact, for the 1624.
creditors speedily presented themselves, and, as the inheritance did not cover the debts, my father had to supplement the difference, which threw his own affairs into great confusion.

I was then quite young and not able to 1637.
take much share in the misfortunes of my House, which, nevertheless, did not fail to make themselves felt even by me, for as soon as I had attained my thirteenth year my father and mother, in order to relieve themselves of the burden of my education made me over to one of their kinswomen, who was willing to undertake it.

That lady only kept me with her for a few months, at the end of which she sent me to Königsberg in Prussia, there to study, and learn the languages of the North.

I had, however, such strong military pre- 1638.
dilections that I could not devote much attention to my studies, in spite of my desire to make progress. The dangers to one of tender years joining such a strenuous profession were indeed vividly represented to me, but the strongest arguments made no impression on my spirit. My star beckoned me on and all I sought was the opportunity to follow.

At the age of fourteen I escaped from my masters and joined a Colonel who had come to levy troops at Königsberg for the King of

1638. Poland. But by the time I reached that country I found everything was quiet again. Ladislaus the Fourth, who was then reigning, had successfully terminated the wars that had come upon him shortly after his election to the throne, so that the opportunities for service I had expected were gone.

Not caring, therefore, to remain in Poland, I obtained my discharge by the mediation of one of my kinsmen whom I had the good luck to fall in with, and returned to Scotland.

1639. On my arrival at home I found great changes had taken place. My father and mother had both died during my absence, and their creditors having seized all the property, despoiled me and my elder brother of everything that should have been ours.

We both realised that we would henceforth have to rely entirely upon ourselves, and as we had commenced to seek our fortunes in the profession of arms, there was no choice but to continue.

My brother was already a captain in the regiment of Lord Grey, which was an inducement for me to join the same. I found no great difficulty in being admitted, as my Lord was well acquainted with my family, and wished me well. He received me with much kindness and promised me his cornetcy as soon as it might fall vacant.

1640. There were great upheavals in Scotland at

that time, which had in fact commenced in 1637, by the rupture between the Episcopalians and the Presbyterians. Their differences, originally due to a trifling cause, gradually grew serious, owing to the animosity with which each side urged its pretensions. The cause of Liberty, so dear to the people of Great Britain, at last became involved, and the Presbyterians, suspecting an attempt upon their privileges, took up arms for their protection and set the whole kingdom ablaze. 1640.

I took no part in all these wars and therefore will only touch upon them briefly and in so far as to connect the events which affected me.

The bad example of the Scots was followed by the English Parliament. It beset the King with so many difficulties, that he was finally obliged to retire from London with the object of procuring its submission by force. This step was the signal for a war waged with approximately even success on both sides until the year 1645, when Fairfax, who had become General of the Parliamentary Army, entirely defeated the Army of the King at Naseby, captured his cannon and baggage, and took all the towns held by the Royalists, with the exception of Oxford. 1642.

The unhappy King, despairing of his ability to maintain a successful defence of the only city that remained to him, sent his

1642. eldest son, the Prince of Wales, to France, and threw himself into the arms of the Scots, in spite of the fact that they had joined with the English Parliament against him.

Apparently the confidence he thus placed in them touched their hearts, and, whether they were ashamed to persecute their sovereign when he thus sought refuge among them, or whether they already entertained some such intention as in the sequel they plainly manifested, they changed their course of action, ceased to war against him and constituted themselves his protectors.

1646. We at once received orders to be in readiness to march against the English, as soon as we could take the field.

I was eagerly making my preparations, when something happened that shattered all my plans and of which I am glad to tell the story here, so that young men may learn as they read with what caution one must proceed in times of war, particularly among people whom there is reason to mistrust.

In our regiment were several officers of the Reformed Faith who, like myself, were waiting to obtain rank. As there were a goodly number of us, we were formed into a company of which I was made Cornet; but as we received no pay, we lived upon free quarters wherever our strength happened to prevail.

The free license we permitted ourselves roused all the peasantry against us, who, seeing that we suspected nothing, secretly banded together and surprised us one night as we slept. They seized our arms and our horses and took us prisoners to a castle, distant about three days' journey. 1646.

We were forced to do the march on foot, but what was most galling was that the peasants mounted on our own horses and bearing our arms, should themselves conduct us thither. One may easily imagine what we suffered in these circumstances.

For two months we were kept in that castle, subjected to every sort of harsh treatment, and, as I was not accustomed to so much hardship, I know not what would have become of me had not the maid-servant of the Governor taken pity on my condition.

Fortunately for me, there was something about my person that found favour in her eyes and induced her to single me out from among my companions. She came to see me every evening when her mistress had gone to bed, and always brought food and drink, of which I was greatly in need.

She was a fine, tall girl, of a lively disposition and sang well. Less than that would have contented a young man of my age, even without the obligations under which she placed me. So it called for no great effort on my part to

1646. make a show of affection. This, not unnaturally, induced her to believe I would go so far as to marry her, and she made me the proposal promising to obtain my liberty. Though I ardently longed for freedom, the price set on it seemed to me worse than slavery. However, I did not think it wise to let her know my true feelings, for fear of turning her into an enemy.

I therefore responded to her proposal in a way which, without committing myself, succeeded in retaining her favour.

We were on these terms when the Governor received orders to release his prisoners. I made my preparations to leave with the others, but the girl came and stoutly opposed my going, protesting that I must first keep the promise, which she asserted I had given, to marry her. This opposition caused me no little anxiety. My pride revolted against doing what the girl asked of me, but I felt at the same time that I was acting with ingratitude. Nevertheless I stood firm and was set free, one of my friends becoming cautioner for me.

I returned to the army as quickly as possible, without waiting to renew the equipment I had lost in the adventure related above. I was always in dread of some action taking place without my being able to take part in it; but I found that instead of fighting the English we were merely negotiating with them.

The whole campaign dragged on in this 1646. way and a part of the winter also. At last, when least expected, a peace was concluded between the two nations; the Scots consenting to deliver up the King, who was still in their hands, to the Commissioners of the English Parliament; which was done at Newcastle.

Every one has heard of this famous Treaty and each one has judged of it according to the bent of his passions and the interests of his party. As for me, without wishing to pronounce an opinion, I should say that the Scots did not originally intend that matters should be carried to the length they finally went. Their subsequent conduct exonerates them on this point. But there is every indication that, like the English, being themselves dissatisfied with the encroachments the King made on their liberties, they would have been glad for Parliament to set bounds upon the Royal Authority, to prevent him in the future from using it to their hurt.

Peace having been concluded in this wise, 1647. and our regiment being disbanded, my brother and I decided to cross over to France, which had been at war for close on fifteen years with the House of Austria.

When we arrived in France my brother, not liking the life, went on to the Venetians. I remained in France, and was placed in the

1647. Footguards with the rank of Ensign, but with the duties of a sergeant.

As soon as we were able to take the field, we went to Flanders under Marshal de Gassion, who took La Bassée and defeated eight hundred of the Duke of Lorraine's best troops, and then besieged Lens.

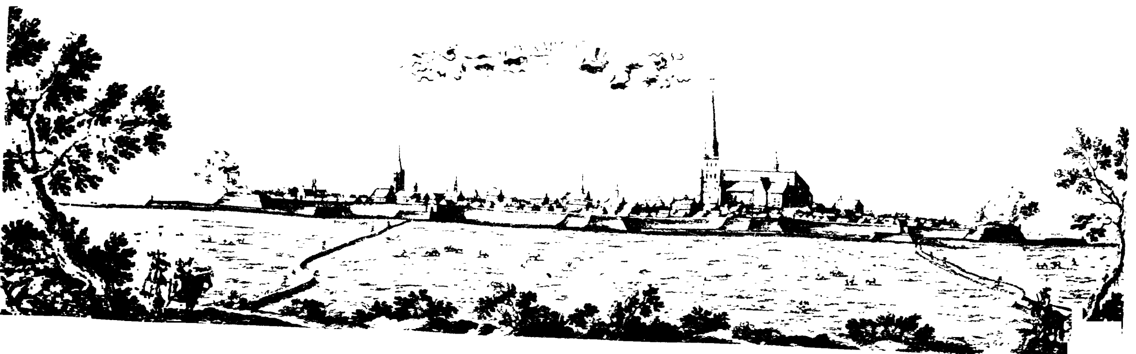
I will not attempt to chronicle all the events of this siege; they can be read in the histories which deal with it and which are in every one's hands. I will simply record the things that happened to myself, or the engagements in which I took some part. This is the course I intend to pursue throughout these memoirs, assuming that those who read them do not require information on events which took place, so to speak, under their own eyes.

I was dangerously wounded in the chest at the siege of Lens, but our General was far more unlucky. Having ordered some of his soldiers to pull down the palisades, he himself went to show them how it should be done, and while struggling with one he received a musket-ball in the head, of which he died at Arras a short time after.

The death of this Marshal was indeed a very serious loss to France. He was a brave and dashing soldier, and lucky in his undertakings. In fact, his praises can be summed up in few words by saying that he did credit to the great



LENS UNDER SIEGE, 1648



Gustavus Adolphus under whom he had learnt his trade. 1647.

Villequier continued the siege and took the town after Gassion fell wounded and retired.

As soon as it had surrendered we went to besiege Dixmude under the command of Marshal Rantsau. At first that town made a vigorous defence and repulsed the Scottish men-at-arms, who lost very heavily in an attack upon a demi-lune which they had been ordered to take. But this tenacity did not last long. The same night I was sent to make a reconnaissance of that demi-lune with fifteen of my men. I did so and having mounted the parapet, where none of my men would follow me, I found the position abandoned by its defenders. I went at once to inform our Generals, who seized it; and after this it was not long before the town surrendered.

This done, we marched in the direction of Nieuport as if to besiege it; but our feint only resulted in the razing of a small fort in the neighbourhood of the town, which we found abandoned, and our then retiring to Dixmude.

I could hardly describe our sufferings in this campaign. Hunger and privations were harder to fight than the enemy before us.

It was then that I perpetrated a deed that 1648.
could only be excused by my youth and the

straits to which I was reduced—if indeed it can be excused at all. One of my comrades and I were walking one day on the road from Dixmude, very miserable and very famished, when we saw two officers coming from the town at full gallop. They were so engrossed in their race that one of them dropped a mantle of taffeta edged with narrow silver lace which he carried over his arm, as was then the fashion.

I confess I was powerless to resist the temptation that gripped me at the moment, to seize the cloak. The dire need I was in, the splendid opportunity as it seemed to me, all in fact made me think the deed excusable. I took the cloak, and hid it so quickly and deftly that the owner, who retraced his steps in search of it, did not discover its whereabouts. He, however, perceived that none but ourselves could have taken it, and said as much. But as on these occasions it is but the first step that counts, we denied it so stoutly that he could do naught but turn and go on his way, and we too went on ours, to sell our booty and assuage our gnawing hunger.

I suffered my just punishment for my misdeed, in the misfortunes that befell me shortly after. The Prince de Condé led us to besiege Ypres, which we took, but I sustained a heavy loss in the death of a Scottish Captain named Messer, who had conceived a great

affection for me. A short time before his 1648.
death he had made me Ensign of his company, and had he lived he would have watched over my promotion.

There was not much time to bemoan his loss, for I was soon separated from the army by a misadventure which had terrible consequences. I was always in the direst need; and never having any means of livelihood but what I could pick up, I had of necessity always to be on the prowl.

Once, having strayed too far with some of my comrades, on our return to camp we fell into the hands of a detachment of the garrison of Armentières, which had placed itself in ambush on our way. They captured us and carried us off to the deserted house of a nobleman, which we reached in the morning after marching the whole night. We were not allowed, however, to rest long. The officer in command of the party, not content with his haul, resolved to make a bigger one before returning to his garrison. He took counsel with his followers and decided, so as not to weaken his detachment by detailing a guard for the prisoners, to kill us before leaving the place. These men were Croats, and as they were speaking their own language, which I understood, I easily discovered their intention. This I communicated to my comrades and exhorted them, since our

1648. death had been decided upon to meet it like men.

Thereupon one of them began to weep and told me the reason for his grief was that he left a wife and children—of which fact I had been unaware. For myself, I declared stoutly that nothing bound me to life, and that I had suffered so many ills since I came into the world that I should leave it without regret.

Hardly had I uttered this when we were seized and overpowered by the Croats, who began without further ado to strip us, and I, like the others, was left in my shirt. True that the man who had taken this trouble, left me with one of my stockings half on, apparently finding it was not worth taking.

This done, we were taken outside and ranged up against the wall at a little distance from each other. Some of the Croats proceeded to shoot us with muskets, which were their only weapons.

The musket of the soldier who aimed at me missed fire, which so enraged him that he struck me in the chest with the butt-end, and knocked me over on to my side. Whilst he was putting a fresh priming to his gun I got up and espied one of the soldiers—the very man who had wept at the announcement that he was to be killed—making his escape. I had imagined myself quite indifferent to

death, and had even taken off the shirt they 1648:
had left on me, thinking that the ball would find less resistance.

Nevertheless, as soon as I saw my comrade escape and jump into a moat full of water which surrounded the house, the desire seized me to follow his example. I did not wait until my executioner was ready to fire again, but ran with all my might, jumped into the moat and crossed it in spite of several shots which were fired but which did not reach me. On gaining the other bank I came up against a thorn hedge, which enclosed a field of corn already high enough to afford cover from the shots that continued to follow me. I did not hesitate a moment in getting through that hedge and, having left part of my skin behind in it, I crept into the corn which soon hid me from my enemies.

My poor comrade was less fortunate, for as he came to join me he received a shot and fell. I do not know what became of him, as I had for the moment no other care than to hide myself from view.

When I recovered from my fright and was able to contemplate my plight with composure, I concluded that it was in truth the most pitiable situation in the world. I was in an enemy country, stark naked, without succour or hope of finding any. Yet I did not lose courage and started off without knowing

1648. where I was, or whither I was going. My greatest dread was, lest I should fall into the hands of the peasants, who avenge themselves for the miseries they suffer from war by killing every unarmed soldier they meet.

However, I started on a road along which I conjectured troops had recently passed, and followed them with all the speed of which I was capable. Having walked some distance, I found myself nearing a village. I was terrified of meeting the inhabitants and having made a good survey all round before venturing further, and seeing and hearing nobody, I took courage and entered a deserted house, where I found evident signs that cavalry had recently been lodged. Absolutely exhausted, I threw myself down on a pile of chopped straw, covering myself with it as best I could. By good luck I also found an old sack, placed it over my head and went to sleep resigned to anything that might happen. I do not know if I slept long or not, anyhow when I awoke no one had yet returned to the village and I left it as soon as possible following the same road.

As I was ashamed of my nakedness, I took the sack which I had put over my head and covered my body with it so far as it would reach, my legs and thighs still remained bare. But as the thorns through which I had scrambled to escape from the Croats had lacerated my

flesh, and the straw on which I had lain 1648.
adhered to the blood that oozed from the sores, I bore quite a good resemblance to those savages of the New World which some of the accounts describe.

I had not walked far in this sorry equipage when I spied a man clothed in red in the top of a tree. I went straight up to him, judging from his looks that he was not a peasant, and as I approached three or four men appeared suddenly out of a house that I had not noticed near by, and surrounded me. I made no resistance, but said to them in German, as I had heard them speak that language, that I was an unfortunate soldier and placed myself at their mercy. This induced them to treat me humanely; they took me into the house and regaled me with fruit, having nothing else to give me.

During this frugal meal my charitable hosts enquired by what accident I had fallen into the extraordinary dilemma in which they found me. I satisfied their curiosity in the manner I thought most likely to excite their compassion. Upon which they in their turn informed me that they were camp-followers of the German troops in the service of Spain.

As they were under the impression that I was of their own nationality, they treated me very kindly, and took me with them to the army, where the Archduke Leopold, who was

1648. in command, ordered me to be treated as a prisoner of war.

The Army meanwhile was on the march towards Lisle,* to which place they sent all their sick. Hunger, thirst, and fatigue had reduced me to such a pitch of exhaustion that, on reaching the confines of the town, I sat down in the shadow of an old hut, and slept till evening. People passed by without noticing me and I was left there in peace.

When the Army had moved on, I presented myself at the gates of Lisle, and there was at first some difficulty about my being permitted to enter. But they took me for one of the sick who had fallen out, and so I was conducted to the ramparts, to a quarter that served as a hospital for soldiers.

It would be difficult to describe the horror of that place, nor do I even think decency permits me to speak of the sights I saw. But this I can aver with truth, that in all my life I have never seen a place so filthy and so vile. At the moment I did not pause to ponder over its horrors—hunger gnawed me and my first concern was to ask for a morsel of food. I was at once shown a large amount of bread under the straw upon which we were lying. I took a loaf and after toasting it to remove the vermin with which it was covered, I ate it with avidity. This luscious repast

* *Lille.*

over, I entered into conversation with my 1648.
new companions, who, hearing from what country I hailed, informed me there was in the town an Irish convent, the monks of which worked great charity among those of their own nation.

This was a joyful discovery, and the very next day I succeeded in getting myself taken to the convent. I was conducted to the cloisters and given some broth with a piece of meat in it, which I ate greedily. The good monk who had undertaken to attend upon me had the discretion not to interrupt me during the meal, seeing that I enjoyed it with so great a satisfaction. But after I had finished he questioned me closely as to my country, my birth, and my fortune. I told him all, concealing nothing, and apparently in return for my candour, he informed me there was an Irish officer in the convent, just then leaving to join the Army, and that he might perhaps take me with him. He thereupon went back into the convent, and I thought he must have gone to speak of me. True enough a moment or two later the officer came out and put me a few questions. He said he was starting that very hour and that if I wanted to accompany him I must try to keep up with him on foot, as he had no other horse than the one he rode himself. I promised to summon up all my strength and

1648. endeavour to follow him, in spite of the weakness caused by my recent misadventures, of which I could not resist giving him a short account, as is the way of the unfortunate.

Therewhile my officer mounted his horse and told me to clutch one of the stirrups. In this way I followed him for three leagues, but then my strength failed and he was obliged to leave me behind, giving me instructions as to where to rejoin him. So I completed the rest of my journey alone and as best I could. But I was so sore spent when I reached the camp that I sank down by the first fire I came to. It chanced to be the camp-kitchen of a Colonel and close to his tent. His good wife, who was with him, and came from time to time to look after the cooking, saw me by the fireside and asked what I was doing there. "Madam," said I, "have pity on a poor man in misfortune who craves no other boon than to be allowed to warm himself."

My nakedness and destitution roused the lady's compassion. She fetched me a pair of hose belonging to her husband and ordered food to be given me. Owing to her kindness I passed a better night than I had anticipated.

Next day I enquired my way to the quarters of the Irish Regiment and the tent of the Lieutenant-Colonel, who, as I had been

informed, was a Scotsman. I boldly presented 1648.
myself before him there and told him of the many and divers adventures that had reduced me to the destitution in which I then appeared. He gave credence to my story and received me in the kindliest manner that could be, saying, "I know your family and there is not any service that is in my power to render, which you may not rely upon from me."

This generous officer more than kept his promise. I was clothed by his orders, I always ate at his table, and he never missed an opportunity of speaking appreciatively in public of my birth, and of the courage with which I had borne my adversities. The consideration he showed me soon attracted to me that of all the other officers of the Regiment. Every one of them was anxious to contribute towards replenishing my outfit and equipment. I was soon much better supplied than I had ever been, and nothing remained of my past misfortunes but the recollection of having suffered them.

Nevertheless I did not care to join the Spanish Army, though very much persuaded to do so, as I was always in hopes that the French would pay my ransom and that I could return to their camp. I wrote to my officers several times on the subject, but receiving no reply, I felt nettled, and resolved, as they

1648. abandoned me to the Spaniards, to remain with them.

At this time the Duke of Lorraine had undertaken to furnish the Prince of Wales with a certain number of troops for the purpose of leading them to the assistance of the King, his father, and was treating with Cascar—this was the name of my Lieutenant-Colonel—for the levy of a regiment of infantry in Holland so as to be closer at hand for transport to England.

This necessitated Cascar's going at once to the Low Countries, but hardly had he begun to work at raising his levies, than the Duke, who recognised his capacity, gave him another regiment which was already afoot in Flanders, and ordered him to take command. However, before he went he made over his own regiment to one named La Motte, on the condition that I should be his Lieutenant-Captain.

As my new Colonel was not yet in Holland, I remained in full charge of his levies, and received by his orders the money that was destined for them. I was so highly sensible of the confidence he had placed in me that I neglected nothing that might conduce to his contentment with the choice he had made.

The Count of Ost-Friesland was to give us a training-ground in his territory, and my Colonel went to Embden to settle all arrangements with him; giving me instructions to

join him at that place when my levies were ready. 1648.

I did not fail to carry out his order as soon as I had the requisite number of soldiers. In spite of their repeated refusal to obey my orders I embarked them at Rotterdam, though I had great difficulty in so doing. But having got the better of their obstinacy by the exercise of much patience, I set sail for Embden.

When we approached the port I left my men in the vessel, and went in search of the Colonel to report what I had done and receive his orders for our debarkation. He told me he had not as yet completed the arrangements with the Count, who always found some difficulty to put forward in order to prolong negotiations, but that he would go again and try to hasten on matters. Meanwhile I was to rejoin the soldiers and keep them waiting out at sea until I got news from him.

This quite took me aback, and I could not refrain from urging upon him that it was a very unwise plan to keep these people waiting at this juncture: that I knew that they were dissatisfied and could not be disabused of the idea that they were being taken to Spain: that I was certain they would mutiny and cut their officers' throats. Nothing I could say, however, altered the orders I had received. The Lieutenant-Colonel, who was German,

1648. did indeed return with me to reassure the soldiers that in three days' time they would be landed without fail, but there he left us.

The following night, while my Ensign and I were on deck, our men rose, as I had foreseen, overpowered and ill-treated the pilot, cut the cables, and began to commit every possible kind of outrage.

At the first outbreak of disorder my Ensign endeavoured to reach the poop to discover the cause ; but the ruffians wounded him and he was obliged to throw himself below in order to save his life. I called out to them at once to know what they were trying to do. "Kill him ! " they yelled with a thousand insults. Realising that all remonstrance would be in vain and that I must prepare for defence, I placed myself in a position to guard against surprises, and to make the first man who attempted to descend repent of it. Not one of them dared venture below and they contented themselves with guarding the exit of my hole by placing sentinels about it. We—my Ensign and I—passed the remainder of that night under arms, and praised God for His Providence in blinding these rebels to the fact—which they never discovered—that they might easily, by breaking a frail partition that separated us from them, have attacked us from the front : and that, had they done this, we should not have

been able to resist them long. But I was destined to run far greater risks. 1648.

When day broke our mutineers, who had held a prolonged council, forced the sailors to weigh anchor and move out from where we had lain, and then they commenced to drink.

Whilst they were busy getting drunk one of them approached a chink in the partition and called very softly to me. When he knew he had caught my ear he said that he felt much mortified as to what had happened; that he had not in any way assisted in the mutiny, and to prove this he offered, if I agreed, to seize the arms of his comrades while they were in their drunken sleep.

Believing the man spoke in good faith, I commended his suggestion and exhorted him to carry it out, and thinking to attach him to us, gave him four pistoles. No sooner had he touched my money than the scoundrel rejoined his comrades and told them I had endeavoured to bribe him, which infuriated them all the more. They only sought to make an end of me; and in order to impress on me what to expect in case I fell into their hands, they took a small boy I had in my service and threw him overboard. After this act of barbarism all together resolved to attack me with swords.

The ringleader of this outbreak was a married corporal; and his wife, who foresaw

1648. more clearly than he the evil consequences of his conduct, succeeded in winning him back from this enterprise by her tears and prayers. Night came, the drunkards fell asleep, and the next morning, their fury having somewhat abated, they were exceedingly embarrassed as to what their next course should be.

Observing their irresolution I hailed a sailor, who undertook to convey a message from me, that if they would agree to be landed, I would promise not to raise any objection and to let them go wherever they pleased if they no longer intended to follow me; that was after all the only advantage they could obtain from my death, which they were apparently seeking.

The sailor acquitted himself of his commission very adroitly. They were easily persuaded, and we landed near Delfzil.

I conducted them to a tavern and begged them to have patience for twenty-four hours, assuring them that I would return at the end of that time, bringing with me the Patent of the King of England, from which they would see that they were required for his service only. They agreed to my proposals, and I left with them the Ensign, who was not able to accompany me owing to his wound. Then giving the landlady all the money that remained to me, so that she should treat them

well and they should be the less impatient 1648.
of my return, I departed to find the Colonel and inform him of what had occurred.

Never was man so astonished as he when I told my story. To my surprise, he could suggest no way out of our difficulty and seemed much perplexed; so I begged him to give me some officers to support me in bringing back the rebels to their obedience, or to use force in case they refused. This seemed a sound expedient, and the Lieutenant-Colonel himself, several captains and lieutenants volunteered to accompany me.

When we reached the place where I had left my men, I found the Ensign lying in the burial-ground near the house. He informed me that the Corporal of whom I have already spoken, and who was German, had persuaded all the others of his own nationality to desert, and so there remained only some few Scottish, Irish, and French.

I desired to go in alone, so as not to alarm them, and I begged the officers who had accompanied me to follow quietly at a distance; but if they heard a pistol-shot to come up as quickly as possible with drawn swords.

Having taken all these precautions, I entered the room where all the soldiers that remained were seated round a table drinking and smoking. I told them I was very pleased

648. to see that they were better men of their word than the Germans, who, as I had just heard, had all deserted. And that I also came to keep my word to show them the Patent of the King of England, which I thereupon handed to them. After they had examined it for a time some said it was a forgery, others held the contrary; but all unanimously assured me that they would follow me wherever I wished, provided I paid them the remainder of what I had promised. I told them they should have made that demand before I went to the Colonel, so that I could then have brought the money. But as I had not now any by me, they must be content with the undertaking that they would be paid without fail as soon as we got back to Embden. Hardly had I finished, than one of the mutineers rose and insolently shouted that he would not follow unless he was paid at once; whereupon I replied, "I will make you obey," and at the same moment fired a shot from my pistol. The officers who had accompanied me entered as we had concerted, and so took the ruffians by surprise that they allowed themselves to be disarmed without resistance.

In this condition we marched them back to the ship in single file and conveyed them safely to Embden. A few days after we arrived the Count at last decided to give us

a little island, called Borkum, as a training-ground. Colonel Romecour joined us there with his regiment and we spent the remainder of the summer together, training our men and perfecting and completing our companies. 1648.

I had occasion during our stay on the island to notice an instance of that form of madness with which God smites the wicked when He wishes to punish them in this world. That same corporal who instigated the revolt of which I have spoken and which nearly cost me my life, had the impudence to rejoin our regiment. I was informed of his return and had him placed under arrest. A council of war was held at which he was condemned to be executed, and the sentence was carried out.

Meanwhile events of far greater importance were happening in England. The King was still a prisoner and the Scots, maintaining that Parliament was by this course acting contrary to the terms of their treaty with him, took up arms in his cause. They were defeated, and the King, by a hitherto unheard-of act, was publicly beheaded. 1649.

The Prince of Wales, his son, who took the title of King after this cruel execution, realised that with the small force which the Duke of Lorraine had collected for him he would never be able to re-establish his affairs,

1649. absolutely ruined as they were by these last events. Therefore, awaiting a more propitious moment to avenge his father, he thanked the Duke for the help he had promised and begged him, if he could not support the levies until the next campaign, to dispose of them at once as he thought fit.

We carefully concealed this news from the soldiers, not yet knowing how the Duke of Lorraine would dispose of us; but had we known him well at the time we need not have been in much perplexity on the subject, for he was the most vigilant of men where his own interests were concerned. He by no means forgot us, and we were informed a few days later that he had sold us to the Spaniards at ten crowns per man, officers and soldiers alike, to go to San Sebastian, a town on the Bay of Biscay.

We did not consider it so necessary to suppress this last piece of news as we had done the first, so that by the time the ships that were to transport us arrived, with express orders for us to embark in them, all the soldiers were apprised of it.

The Colonels would much have liked to disobey this order, but did not wish to take entirely upon themselves the consequences of disobedience. So they summoned their officers, communicated the order to them, and asked them what they intended to do.

We proclaimed with one voice that we 1649. would rather perish than go to Spain, because it was not on those conditions that we had submitted. We put forward a thousand reasons in support of our resolution, and the Colonels, making a pretence of yielding, asked us to find a safe way to get clear of the island, as we were no longer required there.

After long deliberation we resolved to try and win over the captains of the ships that had come to take us away, by promising them the same reward they would receive from the Spaniards if instead of taking us to San Sebastian, as they were ordered to do, they would land us at Ostend. We promised to pay them faithfully if they themselves kept faith with us, but if we found them deceiving us, we would kill them without mercy. We had little or no trouble in bringing them round to do what we wanted; they accepted our conditions, and nothing more was needed for a happy issue out of our difficulty than to inform the soldiers of what we had done and thus disabuse their minds of the constant fear that we were acting treacherously towards them.

I had been made a Captain during our stay at Borkum and my company was almost entirely composed of English and Irish, whose loyalty I undertook to secure. I summoned them on the eve of the day arranged for our

1649. departure, and after regaling them I addressed them in such an impressive manner, showing them the compact we had made with the Spanish captains, that they had no further doubts as to my sincerity, and each man gave me his hand and promised me inviolable fidelity, assuring me that even if the others were to mutiny they themselves would never desert.

These assurances relieved my mind and I gave the good men the praises that were their due. I ordered them to hold themselves in readiness for the morrow, and I would then know if their promises were sincere.

I took good care to join them as soon as day broke, and having found them in the desired frame of mind, I formed them up and marched them with lighted fuse towards the Colonel's quarters.

The Colonel, seeing us approach in this formation, thought I was heading a party of rebels and was coming to attack him. The cause of his misconception was that he had the evening before expressly forbidden this order of marching, so thinking himself lost he fled and hid from us.

I entered his house without the least idea of his suspicions, looked for him everywhere and enquired where I should find him, but nobody could give me any information. He was, however, concealed in a corner whence

he could see me without being seen, and having 1649.
perceived from the manner in which I searched that I was not his enemy, he leapt forward and embraced me, and told me in what consternation he had been.

Under any other circumstances I should have laughed, but as there was no time to be lost I hastily explained that the reason for contravening his orders was my fear that we might be attacked by Romecour's regiment, which I had to pass. They had taken to arms and driven out their officers, some of whom had even been wounded in the fray.

The Colonel began to sing praises of my conduct, but I cut him short, saying it was not the moment for congratulation, but to think of how he should act at this delicate juncture. "I am of opinion," I added, "if you think it right, though I am the junior Captain, that I had better march my company first to the ships, as I am sure they will follow me and perhaps this may touch the sense of pride in the others."

Things happened as I hoped; no sooner did I appear to march towards the sea than the Colonel's company loudly proclaimed they would not suffer mine to go before them. The other companies followed their example. So true is it that sometimes the merest trifle will bring men back to the path of duty.

1649. I watched this dispute with great satisfaction and, letting each take precedence according to rank, I remained in formation keeping all the officers of both regiments in the centre of my battalion, until it had embarked.

Romecour's regiment, which was still mutinous, did not venture to attack us and though much inclined to do so, it had to content itself with hurling imprecations and firing a few shots that went wide. We tried hard to recall them to duty before we embarked, but our attempts failed, and we were obliged to leave them behind.

In spite, however, of the loyalty of the soldiers who had followed us, they were as yet by no means disabused of their original idea that we were withholding from them some covert design. Their suspicions were increased a few days after embarkation, and one day when I was in my cabin with some officers, a man of my company entered and said to me in English that they knew very well we were betraying them, but they also knew the way to make us repent of our treachery.

I felt that this insolence should not be allowed to go unpunished and grasped one of the pistols that I always kept ready on my table as a measure of precaution. I aimed at the soldier, but in some unaccountable

way the shot hit one of our Captains in the 1649. head, fortunately only grazing him.

Meanwhile all the officers assembled round me at sound of the shot, and on being told what had happened, realised that things would develop into a mutiny if they did not immediately check the outbreak. So they went on deck and trained the cannon on the soldiers. This intimidated them at once and they asked for quarter.

We gave it readily, but in order not again 1650. to run the perils we had just escaped, we disarmed them and shut up their weapons in the hold until we reached Ostend.

They came then to the conclusion that we had never intended to deceive them, and we gained at least this one advantage from the trouble their caprice and disobedience had so frequently caused, that they were more tractable and submissive for the future.

As soon as we had disembarked, our Colonels notified the Duke of Lorraine, who was then residing in Brussels, of all that had happened, but he did not trouble himself much about it. He had already received his money from the Spaniards and held that it was their business to bring us to obedience, as they had purchased us. But this did not prevent him from receiving us as we had returned to him, and he allotted us winter quarters.

1650. They were in a part of the country called the Famine Marches, and very justly so named. We marched through it for whole days without meeting an inhabitant, and those we finally met were so poor that they had not the least thing to give us.

Such quarters as these were not exactly the right place in which to maintain troops, and our men began to waste away. The officers, in the hope of preventing their entire ruin, resolved to send me as their deputy to the Duke to represent to him our difficulties and ask for money. I did all in my power to be relieved of this mission, but not being successful in evading it, I started without loss of time for Brussels.

I had all the difficulty in the world to obtain an audience of the Duke, but having at last succeeded I explained my mission in the most succinct manner possible. Nevertheless he flew into a violent rage and tried to cut short my tale, and when I had ceased, he said that we were young men who did not know our business, because we asked for money to maintain troops. "Go back, where you came from," he added, "and tell those who sent you that I have no money; that I order them, however, to maintain and preserve their soldiers in my service under penalty of death." "What, then, shall I do, Monseigneur," I asked, "with the men

whom I have raised and whom I shall not be 1650.
able to take further if you do not provide the means wherewith to get myself and them free of the hostelry? Moreover they are without arms and without clothing. How could I march them back like this, after having promised them the equipment they require?" Nothing that I said made an impression on the Duke, but as he noticed I would take no rebuff and that I pressed my point again and again, he ordered me to produce the men I had brought. I sent for them at once, and the Duke, after examining each one in turn, launching a thousand cutting gibes at them, as is his wont, finally sent off to a dealer in old clothes.

He brought some coats fashioned of cloth of a very poor quality. But when he learnt the price was two crowns apiece, he would hear no more and sent elsewhere for cheaper garments. These were a kind of overalls of coarse noggen linen similar to what in many places coachmen wear over their livery in order to preserve it. He made each of my fellows take one and also a worn out musket, and finally said he considered they were the best-equipped men in the world. He commanded me to conduct them to our quarters and to take great care of them, and said he would give me an order which would pass me all along the route free of all charges for our

1650. maintenance. I endeavoured to tell him that his pass would be useless, where there was nobody to be found on the way who could receive it; but he went away without hearing me to the end.

Grieved and much embarrassed as to what to do I withdrew, but did not lose heart and returned again to the Duke, hoping that by dint of importunities I should finally gain some advantage. He was just entering his coach as I approached and I went forward, took hold of the door and began over again, begging him to give me the means wherewith to return to my Colonel with the levies I had got together. He answered jeeringly that I was very much of a novice to know so little of his methods. But seeing that he could not thus get rid of me, he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a gold piece which he gave me. I may say that this was the only money I ever received from him during all the time I was in his service.

It was not so easy for me to escape from mine host as it was for the Duke to escape from me. Having no money to give him, I had to leave him my horse, which was all I possessed. And so I went off with my men.

At the first opportunity nearly half my men deserted, and very soon they all forsook me, leaving me their arms, which, for the sake of precaution, I made them deposit in

my own quarters every night. I sold these, 1650.
and returned as I had come, without men, without money, and without the least hope of ever getting any from the Duke.

My officers were much distressed at the failure of my mission, and knew not how they could possibly maintain our men. We were pondering the best ways and means of doing so, when we heard that the Duke had for the second time sold us to the Archduke at the same price that the Spaniards had bought us the previous year.

This time there was no deception in the fulfilment of the compact, and we went to join the Archduke as soon as the bargain was concluded.

My company then did not consist of more than thirty men, and there were smaller companies than mine in the regiment, so much havoc had the miseries of the past winter wrought in causing the men to desert.

As soon as we had found the Archduke I was given a draft of twenty-five Polish recruits, with whose language I had a slight acquaintance. I was well paid and was so happy to be serving under another master, that my condition seemed to me better than it actually was.

We opened the campaign by the siege of Guise. The Army was then composed of fifty thousand men, commanded by the Archduke,

1650. and in his absence by the Count of Fuensaldaña. We were not fortunate in this siege and I would make no allusion to it, but for an accident that happened to me.

I was commanded one night to go and attack the old town with fifty men. A Lieutenant-Colonel was to follow me with a larger detachment, but he did not come up until the need for him had passed.

There was a very rapid arm of the River Oise that had to be crossed, where I found the water waist-deep. Just as I was well in it up to the waist, one of the soldiers following me missed his footing, caught hold of my bandolier to save himself, and dragged me down with him. A moment later I found myself fifty paces away from my followers and would undoubtedly have been drowned if in my struggles I had not fortunately caught at the branches of a willow, to which I clung. I was speedily rescued by some of my men, and succeeded in getting across with the rest.

In this accident I lost my sword, my hat and my half-pike, and it was lucky for me that I did not lose my life.

However, I arrived at the spot indicated, having armed myself with a spade that chance had put in my way. An Ensign who was with me was the first to mount the wall, and finding only a single man on the top soon disposed of him, and then helped me up. After that we

easily, and without any danger, rendered the 1650. same assistance to the others who were with us, as the enemy had retired first to the new town and then on to the Castle, which is enclosed within its walls.

The Army approached and had no difficulty in taking the two towns, and the Castle would probably not have held out so long but for a misfortune that befell us.

We had already laid a mine and were waiting to spring it for the powder which was to be brought from Avesnes, when we heard that our convoy had been captured by the French, who had overpowered the escort with a force half as strong as our own.

Fuensaldaña, who was then in command of our Army, seeing no hope after this accident of accomplishing his object by force, had recourse to a ruse which was equally unsuccessful. He ordered a number of sacks to be brought filled with earth to make the besieged believe that the mine was being charged, and then summoned them to surrender, threatening to blow them up in case they refused.

Their Commandant, who was probably well informed as to what was going on in our Army, was unmoved at this threat, and replied that he had orders from the Court to sustain three assaults, and after that he would consider what course to take.

1650. His coolness completed the discomfiture of our Generals, who, having neither munitions of war nor rations and not knowing where to turn for either, broke camp the following night. This was a great relief to our soldiers, who suffered intensely towards the end of the siege, there being great scarcity of rations and bread costing one pistole a loaf.

Our Generals, to revenge themselves for the affront they had received before Guise, now went to La Capelle, which they took. It was during this siege that I had a duel with one of our Captains, though duelling was strictly prohibited. But, my encounter had been arranged with so much precaution that it would not have become known were it not that, unfortunately for me, I had had a quarrel with my Colonel some time before. It came about in this wise.

A cook in his service had spoken to me so insolently one day that I was obliged to chastise him. But when my wrath had subsided I realised that what I had done might have troublesome consequences, so I went to my Colonel and informed him of what had occurred. Though I had not delayed making my statement, I had been forestalled, and found that such an unfavourable version of the affair had been submitted to him, that he refused to accept my excuses and took up his pistol, threatening me with

it. I at once placed myself on the defensive, 1650.
and if others had not intervened I know not how the matter would have ended.

However, as it was a crime to raise a weapon against one's Commandant, though it was only in self-defence, this occurrence would have turned out badly for me, had it not been for my old friend Cascar, who fortunately happened to be in our Army.

I sent him word as soon as possible of what had happened and he lost no time in extricating me from the difficult position in which I was placed. He knew my Colonel to be a brutal fellow, and withal a coward; so he did not waste time in useless prayers on my behalf but told him in a lordly manner that he took an interest in me and that if I received the slightest injury at his hands he would affront him before his whole regiment. This high-handedness, which would have exasperated any other person to the last extremity, had the desired effect.

The Colonel, who had begun life as a trumpeter and had a heart as mean as his birth was low, was intimidated by these threats and dared not press the matter further.

So the affair was settled, and after reconciliation with my Colonel I was reinstated in my commission, which had been withdrawn. On his part, however, it was merely a semblance of reconciliation, for

1650. he always harboured the bitterest resentment, and carefully looked for every chance of mortifying me. Hence he eagerly embraced the opportunity afforded him by my duel, and had me placed under arrest, in which I remained for nearly the whole of the campaign.

Immediately the campaign was over I asked leave of the Archduke to go to Holland, and this was accorded me.

Charles the Second, King of England, was then at Breda, with the intention of crossing to Scotland, whither he was now called as king. I went to see him and received from that Prince all the condescension that I could possibly expect. My duty and my inclinations naturally prompted me to prefer his service to that of any other, and his promises succeeded in securing my adhesion and I engaged to follow him to Scotland.

I had first to return to Flanders to ask leave of the Archduke, and this I did without delay. That good Prince used all his endeavours to retain my services, but seeing it was in vain he acceded to my request with perfect grace. Moreover, he offered in the most obliging manner in the world, without my suggesting it, to write to the King about me in complimentary terms.

There was no one on this occasion who did

not give me some marks of appreciation, not 1650.
even excluding the Duke of Lorraine, who, in a letter he gave me to the King, recommended me strongly to the royal favour, so that I had every reason to be gratified with his courtesy. At the same time, he did all in his power to prevent my leaving, but without success. And verily in order to succeed he would have required to be as great a master of the art of persuasion as he was of retaining troops without pay.

When I had accomplished the mission that took me to Brussels I came to Ypres, where I remained for three weeks, daily awaiting an escort, which was then necessary in order to enter Holland. Meanwhile letters came from Scotland informing me that the King had already reached there. This made me impatient of delay, and not wishing to defer my voyage any longer, I resolved to start alone and on foot for Bruges, distant about a short day's march from Ypres.

This was a hazardous plan, as the country was overrun with soldiers who gave less quarter than the robbers ; and for this reason I had recourse to a singular expedient to secure the safety of my money.

I first sold all my belongings and equipment, retaining only a wretched old coat. The money I received from the sale and what I already possessed I sewed into a kind of

1650. belt which I wound round my left arm, and over which I tightly bound with blood-stained bandages some small wooden splints, so that any one I met on the road should think I was wounded.

I had bandaged my arm so tightly that hardly had I gone two leagues than it swelled up to an enormous size and caused me intense agony. Hence, whenever I met a party that searched me, as they all did, there was no need of pretence to show I was in violent pain. However, my anxiety to be rid of it urged me to hasten with all diligence, so that I arrived at Bruges the same evening, but in the most pitiful state imaginable.

I was without shoes and without a hat, a party on the road had taken these, not discovering anything else with which to accommodate themselves. In this condition it was not an easy matter to find a lodging, for every one judging of my purse by my aspect, shut the door in my face.

I had nearly exhausted myself in the endeavour to make them believe my promises of honest payment, when at last an old woman came out and peered into my face holding a candle under my nose; and evidently thinking, from her scrutiny, that I was better than I appeared, she took me in. I begged her to prepare a good bed and a good meal; and as I noticed from her attitude that she was

still suspicious, I unbandaged my arm and 1650.
drew forth some pieces of gold which I gave her, explaining in few words the reason for my disguise. She was then pleased with herself for having had the humanity to take me in and treated me as well as any one could wish.

Next day I left Bruges for Rotterdam, intending to embark there for Scotland. While I was awaiting the opportunity with an impatience that can easily be imagined, I met a German Captain of Horse who had come to Rotterdam with the same object. On such occasions, one is quick to strike up acquaintance and the German and I soon confided to each other the secret of our journey, and consulted together on the best means of making it in safety.

No one could be found willing to run the 1651.
risk of taking us across, as the fear of falling into the hands of the English, who were cruising along the coasts, kept all the ships in port. However, since we could not wait longer, thinking all the while we would miss some big action that might take place in England, we at last resolved, after anxious consultation, to purchase a boat and attempt the passage with our own men. A Scots pilot who had been shipwrecked a short time before, and whom chance placed in our way, confirmed us in our resolution. He pointed

1651. out how easy the matter was, and offered to sail us himself. So we began to take hope for the success of this plan, though we had previously regarded it as too venturesome and ill-conceived a project.

We embarked full of confidence, taking besides our servants, some sailors whom we engaged to accompany us. We had been at sea eight days and considered we had run out of the zone of danger, when suddenly we found ourselves in the midst of the English Fleet. This gave us a terrible fright, but we managed to get clear of it with no more than that, and deemed ourselves very lucky indeed to escape without having been sighted. At last after twelve days of navigation we landed in Scotland at a place called Montross.

When we had disembarked we sold our boat to the pilot who had brought us over; but as he had no money, he promised to pay as soon as he reached his home, a small town which lay on our route; and he undertook to take our servants and our belongings along by boat, which would be much less costly than by any other means.

Having given all the directions we considered needful about rejoining our men and equipment, our one thought was to rest for a few days from the fatigues that we had undergone. Hardly, however, had three days elapsed when we saw our pilot, whom we

thought already far off, arrive in breathless haste and pale as death. The sight of him was startling, but we were still more astounded when he informed us that the boat which we had sold him had been wrecked, that our servants and our baggage were lost, and that he alone had escaped with his life to tell the tale. 1651.

There was nothing to be done but to suffer the misfortune with patient resignation, and to give the unfortunate pilot the wherewithal to return to his home by land. Our own journey took us to Saint Johnston's where the King then was, to whom I had the honour of paying my obeisance and delivering up the letters of the Archduke and the Duke of Lorraine.

I was very well received by His Majesty. He told me that he hoped quite soon to proceed to England with his Army, and promised most graciously to give me some employment in it. I was at Court for fifteen days without any visible result from his promise, but at the end of that time I was commanded to go and wait on the Duke Hamilton, who was raising troops in the North of Scotland and under whom I was to serve as a Major, Patent for which I there and then received.

I proceeded at once to take up my new duties, and after being with the Duke for five or six weeks, he saw fit to send me to the King,

1651. so that I might give him information as to the state of things in general. I started without delay for the Court, but on my way thither I met with an adventure which caused me the most acute unhappiness, and which I have all my life regarded as the presage of the misfortunes into which I afterwards fell.

On my route lay a river which had to be crossed by ferry. Not finding the boat on my side, I called to the ferrymen to bring it across from the other bank; but failing to make myself heard because of the distance, I fired off a pistol to attract their attention. Thereupon the boatmen came hastening to me in great perturbation and told me that the shot I fired had killed a child. I ridiculed this, not believing that a pistol could carry so far; but when I reached the other shore they showed me the child all covered with blood, dying in its mother's arms. I shuddered at this pitiful sight, and my pain and sorrow were so genuine that these poor people were in some measure consoled, seeing that it had happened by sheer misadventure; and they were entirely appeased with some money I gave them.

I continued my journey to Stirling, where I joined the King, who was satisfied with my conduct and retained me near his royal person, being then on the point of entering England.

Indeed, shortly after, the King assembled 1651. his army and marched on Worcester. As soon as we had arrived there, I had orders to accompany the Earl of Derby, who was to raise a regiment in the Isle of Man; but Cromwell did not permit us to get so far, he caught us on the way with his army; and the best we could do was to return in all haste to the King with the news.

He was inferior to the enemy both in military strength and in experience, but nevertheless prepared to receive Cromwell with great courage. And after having arrayed his forces to the best possible advantage, he accepted battle with more resolution than good fortune.

It was on the third day of September that the famous battle was fought at the gates of Worcester, which our Army had occupied. Everybody knows the unfortunate issue it had for the King, and regards the manner of his escape as little short of miraculous.

But as this has no bearing upon my adventures, I will not speak further of it, and will revert to the battle, which began at nine in the morning and did not cease till eight in the evening. At the commencement we gained some slight advantage, but having forfeited it by our own fault, we in our turn were thrown into disorder and

1651. obliged to retreat in a manner very much resembling flight. We thought, and with some justification, that Cromwell would stop there and not press an engagement during the night with his tired troops, in order to pursue us into a town which supported our cause. But we had to deal with the man who of all the world knew best his own advantages and how best to pursue them. He pressed us with such fury in our retreat that confusion seized our men, who broke and took to open flight, and the pursuing army entered the town at their heels.

At the time I knew nothing of this as I had followed the King, who himself had been one of the first to enter the town; but no sooner had I left him than I saw the turn things were taking. I had received a wound in my arm, but instead of going to have it dressed I ordered my servant to fetch my things which had been left in my lodgings and to join me in the street.

Whilst I was waiting for him in the saddle I heard the voices of two horsemen shouting to the citizens to place lights in the windows. Thinking those men belonged to our side I shouted with them. This made them look up at me and seeing me with a white sash they cried out that I was a Royalist, and fell upon me.

When I saw what they were about I fled

into another street and met a squadron of 1651.
horse, into the midst of which I dashed, shouting " Here is the enemy ! " but in trying to evade a small evil I fell into a greater one. One of the officers, seeing that I was of the King's army, came upon me still unsuspecting, or I could have easily either escaped or shot him with the pistol in my hand. He thrust his sword through the shoulder-piece of my buff-jerkin, and sent me reeling from my horse.

Next moment I found myself surrounded by soldiers, who pulled me hither and thither and would soon have stripped me naked, had not a Cornet taken pity at seeing me in their hands and asked who I was. I told him I was an officer, and begged him not to allow me to be treated otherwise than as a prisoner of war should be treated.

Touched by my appeal, he came to my rescue and ordered off the soldiers who had surrounded me ; but one of them, furious at being deprived of his booty, cried out, " At least no one else shall get it," and sent a pistol bullet into my stomach.

I fell weltering in the blood, which flowed in great gushes from my wound, but I did not lose consciousness. The Cornet, grieved at being the innocent cause of my misfortune, approached and asked if I thought it possible I could survive. I answered that I thought I might live if I received assistance. He made

1651. his men take me up and himself helped them to lift me on to one of their horses; and in this condition had me conducted outside the city to the foot of a hill which the enemy had already taken.

When we were within sight of the guard that had been posted there, the Cornet, who had not abandoned me, called to them they were to come down, as he had a captured officer to hand over to the guard. A sergeant appeared at this order, and my generous deliverer was very reluctant to leave me with him; but as there was no one else, he confided me to his charge with many recommendations for my care, and with a promise to return on the morrow, he went away.

The sergeant in whose care I had been left and another soldier dragged me up the hill and considered that they had done enough by placing me on the mounting of a cannon, where I spent the remainder of the night without any further assistance. Luckily they had laid me on my wound, which enabled the blood to flow from it easily and prevented it from clotting. But I was tormented by a raging thirst, and not a soul had the charity to relieve it though I begged and besought unceasingly and there was a well close by whence at times during the night I could hear the water being drawn, which of course increased my desire to drink.

At daybreak the men of the guard came to me. Some asked me questions which I had not the strength to answer, others succeeded in divesting me of what little they had left on me the day before. 1651.

In the end I remained there entirely naked, though one of those rascals who had denuded me, touched by some rough compassion, covered me with a horrible rag that he found. In rendering me this charitable service he perceived that my lips were moving, and coming closer up heard me beg him in the name of God to let me speak to an officer. He complied with my request and fetched the officer in command of the picket.

As soon as I saw him I put out my hand for his, and drawing it towards me with as much strength as I had left I thanked him for his trouble in coming. I told him I was an officer and that as I was apparently about to die I was glad to meet a kind man such as he appeared to be: that I had one boon to ask of him, the which was, to send to a particular house in the town, which I indicated, to find a valise that I had left there. It contained—I told him—some money and some apparel which I would be delighted if he would take, but there were also in it some papers which would be of no use to him and which I begged him to send at once to my family, whose name I gave.

1651. When I had finished speaking the officer left me without making any answer, but returned at once with a few of his soldiers, who placed me on pikes and carried me to a house somewhere near by. His kind solicitude did not end here. He sent for a bed and had me placed upon it; he also sent for a surgeon, but none could anywhere be found, and in fact treated me as he might have treated a very dearly-loved brother.

But I did not long enjoy the happiness of having him at my side. An hour later he was commanded to proceed elsewhere, and all he could do was to recommend me very warmly to the kindness of a poor old woman who lived in the house. He then took leave of me with a show of deep regret.

Just then the town was being pillaged, and the house of my hostess was not spared from the common misfortune. They took everything she possessed, down to the bed on which I was lying, after mercilessly dragging me out of it and throwing me into a trench that had been dug for the foundations of a house close by. My miseries did not end there; for they threw a dead body into the same place, with its legs right over me, which absolutely prevented my moving.

I cannot remember if I remained long in this state as I soon became unconscious; but I doubt not I would have remained there

for ever, but for the incident I am about to relate. 1651.

The good-wife and her two daughters had been stripped by the soldiers, and whilst they were searching for some rags wherewith to cover themselves, they came upon me in the ditch into which I had been cast. They recognised me immediately, and remembering that I had been recommended to their care, dragged me out of this grave in which I had been cast, and perceiving some slight signs of life still in me, carried me back to their house, laid me on some straw and covered me as best they could.

I do not know what those kind women gave me, but consciousness soon returned, and after having informed them what had happened to me and how the battle had gone, I begged one of my rescuers to go into the town and enquire if General Douglas was among the prisoners. If she heard he had been taken, she was to try and speak to him and tell him my name and the condition I was in.

The good woman who knew me from the first time I had been placed in her care, carried out my commission very adroitly. She learned that General Douglas was a prisoner and that he had lost one eye. She also found a means of speaking to him without being observed, and told him all that I had asked her to communicate to him.

1651. Douglas was a near kinsman of mine on my mother's side and my very good friend; he was much grieved at my misfortunes and sent his surgeon secretly the same night, who continued to visit me for four or five weeks.

One evening as I was awaiting him as usual, I noticed him approach with a countenance that foretold what he had to say. He informed me that he had come for the last time, but as I was not yet cured he brought me the wherewithal to dress my own wound until I had quite recovered. He said he was obliged to follow his master, who was being transferred elsewhere, but did not know whither. As for the other prisoners, among whom was my brother, they had been condemned to work in the sugar and tobacco plantations in the Islands of America.

These tidings caused me such violent sorrow that I could barely thank the surgeon and beg him to assure his master of my everlasting gratitude. He left with Douglas, of whom I never heard again, and I remained behind in the deepest desolation in the world.

I stayed another three months, or more, in that house before I entirely recovered my health, with no means of preserving life within me but what two of the good women with whom I lived were able to beg for me from door to door while the third tended me.

One day when my charitable benefactresses 1651.
were out on their usual mission, a soldier of the garrison which Cromwell had left in the city because he mistrusted it, took into his head, whilst walking round, to come and look into the house where I lived. The door and windows were not very securely fastened and he could see that it was inhabited. He knocked, I cannot tell for what reason, and receiving no answer he knocked louder, swearing that if the door was not opened at once he would force it in.

My nurse was more dead than alive with fright and did not know what she should do. I told her to let him in, as it was better for her to open the door than to allow him to break it open, and she obeyed me just at the moment the impatient soldier was about to carry out his threat.

He burst in, hurling at both of us all the imprecations he could think of, and approaching me, asked who I was. I answered that I was a poor invalid who could tell him nothing that would satisfy his curiosity. "No," replied he; "I can see you are a Royalist. You had better own to it at once." "As you say so," I replied, "I will not deny it. I have served in France and in Flanders, and when I went back to my home I was enlisted, I know not how, into the King's service, and I fought with it in the last battle." "I also

1651. have served in Holland," answered the soldier; and thereupon he spoke two or three words of Dutch, to which I replied in the same language, and we became the best of friends. He began by unburdening his heart to me, telling me that at bottom he also was as good a Royalist as I, but that soldiers took whichever side they could engage on without any other thought than the benefits to be obtained; and that to prove the sincerity of his words he would be happy to serve me in any way. Thereupon he asked the woman to go and fetch him some beer so that we might drink to each other. He also offered to share his purse with me, in which were four or five copper pieces; and finally, after remaining in the house about a couple of hours, he took leave, promising not to tell any one that he had found me. He faithfully kept his promise, and I never again saw him, nor any one else, so long as I remained in that house.

1652. Meanwhile my health returned to me by degrees and I resolved as soon as I had strength to walk, to go to London, where I hoped to find some means of extricating myself from my present misfortunes.

My hostess approved, and advised me for the better carrying out of my plan to travel in the disguise of a German tailor suffering from dysentery. I followed her good advice with success.

The day of my departure arrived, I took leave of the good women, to whom I owed such a deep debt of gratitude. They wept on parting and wished me all good luck, and accompanied me on my way as far as they were able to go. 1652.

These marks of true and disinterested affection, for which there existed not the slightest obligation, made a deep impression upon me, and I realised full well that the Almighty often inspires the lowliest people with the most noble and exalted feelings and impulses.

I went on my way to London. Somewhere near the end of my journey I was sitting at the door of a hostelry, pondering over the sad necessity to which I was reduced of begging or dying of hunger, when a lady in a fine coach drove up. An attendant in her train came and asked me some questions. Presumably the difficulty that I found in lying made me hesitate in my replies, and gave him the impression there was some mystery about my disguise. Wishing to satisfy himself on this point, he cross-questioned me so closely that I was finally constrained to tell him all my late adventures, only concealing from him the facts of my birth.

This good man kept my secret and did not betray me. He begged some alms for me of his mistress and brought me a shilling piece

1652. of his own. He then said that as I was going to London and had no knowledge of the city and its ways, he would tell me of a place where I could lodge and where he would soon be able to join me and look after me.

I scrupulously followed his advice and, to avoid unnecessary details, I will mention briefly that I was lodged with a woman who earned her living by receiving folk who had little money to spend.

Every day I walked down to the Port to see if by any chance I could find a Dutch vessel in which to sail, and I also very regularly frequented an inn where all the Dutch sailors congregated to drink.

One morning I was there as usual, when a man came in dressed as a sailor whom I remembered to have seen before. I was scrutinising him attentively, trying to recall where, and endeavouring to collect my thoughts, when he caught sight of me and his eyes were arrested by mine. He, too, thought my features were familiar and he rose from his seat, beckoning me to follow.

Walking out we made straight for a quiet corner where we could not be overheard. And then we recognised each other as having been together at the Battle of Worcester, where we had made friends.

We greeted one another with all the heartiness of old comrades and related our mutual

experiences and adventures. He enquired 1652.
about mine, and when I had satisfied his curiosity he told me in his turn that he also had been taken prisoner, but had escaped and come to London, where a captain of a Dutch vessel whom he knew advised him to assume the disguise he was wearing until he could take him back. He was delighted to have fallen in with me and hoped by the help of his friend to take me along with him. He also informed me that there was a gentleman in London who bore my name, and who might possibly be able to assist me in providing for my needs, but he was somewhat doubtful as to whether it was safe to make myself known to him because he was on very good terms with Cromwell.

I thanked my friend for the good advice and especially for this latter information. In spite of the danger of disclosing my identity to my relative, I saw in this course the only means of extricating myself from my pressing necessities.

Without a moment's hesitation as to my course of action I asked my friend to add to his kindness by showing me the house of this relative, of whose existence he had just informed me, and he gladly did so; and leaving me explicit directions as to where to find him again, he went off on his own business.

I made my way to the house he had indicated

1652. and knocked at the door, torn between hope and fear. A maid-servant opened, and being informed that I had some letters to deliver to her master she told me he was at table and she would hand them to him. I replied that I must deliver them in person, and if it was not convenient for him to see me then I would wait on him at any hour it should please him to appoint. The maid-servant gave my message to her master and returned to bid me enter.

The master of the house had risen from table and beckoned me to approach, asking for the letters I brought him. "I have no letters to deliver," I said, "nor have I anything to recommend me to your kindness, but the frankness and sincerity with which I come to tell you that I am of your kith and kin, as your name is Melvill. This gives me hope that, though you may not approve of my conduct in the account of myself which I will lay before you, you will not turn me away. I was in the Battle of Worcester with the King and was left on the spot for dead. You see the sad condition in which I am still at the present, and that in itself will suffice, I am certain, for you to have compassion on a poor member of your family, whom necessity alone forces to appeal to your kindness."

I was gratified to notice that my words

had evoked the pity of my relative. But 1652. before declaring his intentions he put to me several questions in order to discover whether or not I was lying, but I satisfied them all with the frankness which springs from a good conscience. However, when I mentioned my elder brother who had been with me at the battle, he interrupted me, saying that if I was the man I represented myself to be there must be another brother in foreign parts. I replied promptly that I was the one he meant, and that I had already been in several campaigns in France and in Flanders.

After that he no longer doubted the truth of my statement and embraced me tenderly. He then ordered some clothes to be procured for me from the city, so that I might have them at once. Clothes of all shapes and kinds were brought and as I was about to make my selection my kinsman said that if I wanted to leave the kingdom, as I had told him I intended doing, he would advise my choosing the habit of a merchant. I followed his counsel and as soon as I was clothed he took me to make my obeisances to his lady; who, seeing that I lacked a cloak, presented me with one of her husband's. Then I took leave of them with genuine expressions of gratitude, and they had furthermore the generosity to lend me the money necessary for my voyage,

1652. allowing it to be reimbursed to them in Scotland.

Well satisfied with what had passed, I went back to rejoin my friend the sailor, and as I who spoke the language fluently could now pass for a Dutch merchant, he no longer objected to my going with him about the town.

I returned to pay my landlady with whom I no longer cared to lodge, for besides the uncleanliness of the house, it had no very good reputation among those who prized virtue. So my friend and I moved into other lodgings, where we were joined by one of our comrades who also had escaped from the battle and had come across us by mere chance.

The ship in which we were to embark did not delay us long. As we were all three getting into the boat that was to take us out to it, we were stopped by soldiers demanding to know who we were and whither we were bound.

My friend who was disguised as a sailor admirably impersonated a Dutchman, and answered them half in English half in Dutch that we were foreigners, come to this country for trade, and were now returning home. As for me, I pretended not to hear the questions they put me, but our companion instead of doing the same was foolish enough

to speak Scottish. They seized him at once 1652. and I do not know what was done to him. We two were left free to carry out our plans and we reached the ship that was awaiting us half dead with fear all the while lest our imprudent friend might betray us.

Never have I felt such joy as when we had set sail; it seemed to me as though I only commenced to live from that moment. Our voyage was the happiest one imaginable. Fortune had at last tired of persecuting us and we arrived safely at Rotterdam. There I took leave of my friend, on whom I have never since set eyes, and went on my way to Brussels.

My first care was to try and get news of my old friend Cascar, and I learned that he was now Major-General of the Troops of Lorraine, and that he was at that moment in the city. I went straight off to find him and he welcomed me most cordially, took me to his house and gave me a horse to follow him with the army, which was to march immediately into France.

This was at the commencement of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, when the whole kingdom, irritated by the authority that the Queen Mother had permitted Cardinal Mazarin to assume, was determined to be rid of him. The Duke of Orleans, uncle of the King, joined the cabals which the *Parlement*

1652. of Paris had formed for this purpose; but not feeling sufficiently strong by himself he summoned his brother-in-law, the Duke of Lorraine, to his assistance.

This Prince, who had now the best chance in the world to re-enter his own States, failed to grasp the opportunity. As we know, he went where he was called, but subsequently having been cleverly won over by the ministers of the King of France, he consented, in return for a sum of money which was paid down to him, to quit the Kingdom with his forces. Thus, far from being of any help to the Parisians, he did them more harm than their bitterest enemy could have wrought by the license which he allowed his soldiers to pillage alike his friends and his enemies.

Some time after we had entered France I had cause to feel hurt at the failure of Cascar to keep his promise to me of the first Company at his disposal. I also noticed that his wife looked upon me with disfavour, believing me a burden upon her husband. I therefore asked leave to retire from his service, without any prospects or ideas as to the future.

As we were in the vicinity of Paris, I went there first, though I had not the wherewithal to live for two days. The day after my arrival, as I was walking in the Faubourg St. Germain opposite the *Chapeau Rouge*, I met a party of smart and gallant officers

who took up the whole width of the street. 1652.
I pressed as close as I could to the wall of the houses to let them pass and looking up I recognised one of them as having been a captain in the army of Lorraine. He saw me also, and coming towards me with outspread arms, asked by what good luck I found myself in Paris?

I gave him in a few words the narrative of my chief adventures since we had met, and seeing that he was very much interested, I added, "These are not by any means all my misfortunes. I feel I am on the brink of far worse. I have neither means nor worldly goods or place of abode, and I am here without knowing, or being known to, anybody."

He grasped me by the hand: "We must make merry," he said, and with that took me and his friends into the *Chapeau Rouge*. He also hailed some others who were passing in the street, and ordering good cheer for the whole company from the landlady, sent for musicians to entertain us in all possible style.

In former days I had known this captain in poor circumstances, and could not refrain from congratulating him on his good change of fortune. He thereupon drew from his pocket a fat purse full of *louis d'or*, offering it to me with the assurance that it would

1652. give him great pleasure if I would take from it that of which I had need. His kindness touched me deeply, and as I felt sure that in case of need he would never fail me, I refused his offer for the time being, remitting my acceptance to a future occasion if necessity should arise. But I was soon to realise my mistake.

We sat down to table in the very best of spirits, ate heartily and drank still more heartily. Everything was going merrily when suddenly I heard voices raised, in another moment swords were out, all before there were any means of discovering how the quarrel had arisen.

I hastened to try and separate the brawlers, while the people of the house ran off to fetch the Guard of the *Quartier*. The Guard arrived, and without troubling to detect who was in the right and who in the wrong, they seized the whole lot of us and thrust us into a neighbouring prison, but in separate places.

I found myself in a cell with a Scotsman named Hamilton, who had come with me to Paris and chanced to be of the company. They left us there for eight days without letting us know anything, during which time a priest came daily to read Mass in the court-yard of the prison. This service over, a nun came round to distribute some small

loaves, which, with a bottle of water, formed 1652.
our only sustenance.

When the eight days had expired we were interrogated separately. The first question put to me was to ascertain if I had been in the Army of Lorraine. I answered in the affirmative ; but said I had left it somewhere near the frontier, and that not having any employment in it, nor being in any way engaged by it, I had come to Paris to see if I could find any one of my acquaintance with whom I might return to Scotland.

They then proceeded to ask me if I had not been concerned in a robbery which had taken place near Orleans, where the King's waggons laden with money had been pillaged and the escort killed. I explained to them the impossibility of this being so, as it was only a few weeks since I had come from England, a fact which I could easily prove, and I could also prove that the robbery in question had taken place long before my arrival in France.

"The companions with whom you were found when arrested have given evidence against you," said my interrogator, apparently with a view to intimidating me. "If that is so," I replied, "they have given false testimony." And to prove my statement, I told him how I had happened to meet them and all that subsequently took place.

1652. Though my answers had every appearance of veracity, my judge thought it necessary to put me to a harder test and had me cast into a dungeon. However, as my evidence never varied and I always maintained what I had previously stated, I was sent back to my first prison after a few days.

There I met my former comrade, who had been subjected to the same treatment as myself and who had given his testimony with equal stability.

After remaining there some time longer, we were at last informed that no evidence had been found against us, and that we would be permitted to leave, but we must first satisfy our jailor's demands. This was an absolute impossibility, and we protested that, as we had been wrongfully imprisoned, it would be the very height of injustice to make us pay the expenses. This reasoning, sound as it was, did not satisfy our jailor, who refused to release us without money. Whilst we were living in fear of being kept in eternal imprisonment, two Jesuits, people who know everything and interfere in everything, came and offered us our liberty, on condition that we changed our religion. We rejected their proposal with scorn, but they were unabashed and continued to come to us regularly every day, overwhelming us with prayers, promises, and threats.

If they had confined themselves to these means we should not have had so much cause of complaint, but when they found that we withstood all the weapons they employed against us, they ended by attacking us as an army tries to capture a town which it despairs of taking by force. They forbade the nun, who daily brought us bread as I have mentioned above, to bring us any more food in future. 1652.

This good woman, however, did not strictly obey their orders, and from time to time, when she saw that nobody observed her, she threw us a few small loaves which sufficed to keep my comrade and me from dying of starvation.

Reflecting since upon these events, I have come to the conclusion that the charity of this nun was concerted between herself and the good fathers, and that it was not their object to do us to death by starvation, but to force us to submit through fear.

Their plan succeeded only too well; hunger coupled with the weariness of prison induced my companion to give way. His weakness caused me much sorrow and was besides the reason for an increase of my bad treatment, in the hope that I might follow his example. But God fortified and sustained me in my sufferings and I was able to resist every effort of my persecutors.

As a last resource they one day brought

1652. my perverted comrade, in order that I might see the good condition in which they had placed him, assuring me that if I would follow his example, I might expect still more favourable treatment. At that I begged them very firmly and forcibly to leave me in peace, and warned them that if in future they attempted to hold similar discourses I would neither listen nor answer.

Such a brusque and decided reply made them realise that they would never gain me, and so, with much abuse, they delivered me up to the demons of their creed,* which disturbed me not at all, and left.

The day after this visit the jailor came and gave me my liberty, which I joyfully accepted, notwithstanding that I did not know where to turn for sustenance.

I endeavoured to discover the whereabouts of my fellow-prisoner, and also of the officer who by his hospitality had been the innocent cause of my misfortunes, but in vain. I have never been able to trace what became of either.

During the term of my imprisonment the famous fight of Saint Antoine took place at the gates of Paris, which, as every one knows, won much glory for the Prince de Condé, though it had not a happy issue for him, and would indeed have resulted in defeat had

* "*Demons de leur autôrité.*"

not Mademoiselle d'Orleans, seeing his forces in disorder, opened the gates of the city and trained the guns on the royal army, which forced it to retreat and abandon the victory that had been assured to it. 1652.

Two days after this, there was a mutiny in Paris. The Assembly of the *Hôtel de Ville* was attacked by soldiery, who burned the gates, killed some officers of the law, and threw everything into the greatest confusion.

All the heads of the Party in Paris accused each other of being the cause of the disorder, and it has not yet actually transpired who was the originator of it. Meanwhile each took precautions for his own safety, and the Cardinal de Retz, who was one of the chief among them, decided for the greater safety of his person to raise a Scottish Guard, as he could not place sufficient trust in the French.

I heard of the Cardinal's resolve when I left prison, and not knowing what other course to take, immediately went to offer my services. He welcomed my suggestion to serve him, and there and then enlisted me in his Guard, at a salary of a quarter-crown a day.

Our only duty was to follow the Cardinal in a coach when he drove out in his own. But we held our carbines, though carefully concealed, always ready to fire.

I soon found myself in the Cardinal's good graces, who, to mark his appreciation,

1652. bestowed on me, after the first Captain left, the command of his Guard. I then received double pay and was able to save sufficient to have a new suit of clothes fashioned.

My position was quite satisfactory but I did not retain it long. The King pardoned the Parliament for its rebelliousness and returned to Paris; and since it was impossible for the Cardinal to have a bodyguard of his own in the presence of his royal master, he disbanded it with many expressions of gratitude and made me a present of five pistoles.

1653. I was then quite at a loss what to do, when luckily for me Schomberg, who commanded the Scottish gendarmes under the Duke of York, then their Captain, heard what had happened, and sent for me and my comrades. He came to an agreement with us, by which he gave to each a horse and money to purchase the remainder of the necessary equipment and to mount a servant. This done, he ordered us to join the regiment which was in winter quarters in Lower Poitou.

That part of the country is by nature prosperous, but the war had so devastated it that we should have died of starvation had not the chase furnished us with game sufficient for our subsistence. The inhabitants were so impoverished that they had nothing to provide us with but chestnuts.



YPRES BELEAGUERED, 1648



SIEGE OF ARRAS, 1654

We suffered greatly there all through the winter, but with the spring we started on our campaign, without achieving anything of importance, except the reduction of a few towns in Champagne and Picardy which had broken their allegiance to the King. 1653.

After these little exploits our troops went into garrison at Montournai in Champagne, whence we only issued for the next campaign to go to the relief of Arras, which the Spaniards were now besieging.

No finer company could be seen than ours, as it then was composed of sixty gentlemen who had all been officers, each accompanied by one or two attendants. 1654.

Marshal Turenne, who was in command, gave us the privilege of leading the attack on the Spanish lines; and we hurled this attack with such vigour and success, that having broken through five squadrons of the enemy, we would have pressed our victory further had not the Marshal restrained our ardour.

This engagement figures prominently in the history of our times. The Prince de Condé proved himself in this battle as great a leader as at Rocroy or at Nördlingen. He was, it is true, forced to retire, the Spanish army having been cut up and their baggage taken, but his retreat was so masterly that it was worth a victory.

After we had raised the siege of Arras,

1654. Marshal Turenne marched us on to take Le Quesnoy. I had orders on this occasion to command the foragers, who were in a village some miles from the army. Their trusses of fodder were soon made and loaded up. I had posted myself on a height to prevent the enemy from surprising my men; but just as they were ready to start, I heard a servant shout from the window of a house he had entered, that if we followed him we should find a lot of corn.

Had I done my duty I would not have abandoned my post; but I was destined to every kind of misfortune. The thought that all risk of danger was past, or, to be more honest, the desire for my share of the booty, led me to dismount and follow those whom avidity for pillage had attracted to the house. It was a very wrong thing to do, but my punishment followed quickly upon the fault.

I had hardly mounted the stairs when I heard several pistol shots. I endeavoured to reach my men when I realised they were being attacked, but could not come to their rescue as I was unable to get out of that accursed house. The enemy had already seized the exits and threatened to burn within it any who ventured to defend themselves. I surrendered and was forthwith stripped. Again I had fallen into the hands of a party of Croats, and I marvelled at the strangeness

of human destiny which decided that I should always be captured by these particular people. I was better treated this time, however, than the last. They took me to their camp and presented me to their Colonel, who was very kind when he heard me speak the Polish language, and would have made his men return my clothes if he could have discovered which of them had taken them. In spite of my wretched appearance, I dined at his table that same night with several other officers. 1654.

Being so well treated I felt reassured, as any one reasonably might, that no evil would befall me under the protection of a man who had dealt so kindly with me; but I soon found myself in the most terrible peril to which I had ever in my life been exposed. Up till now Death had appeared to me under several aspects, all of which had been glorious; but this time it was otherwise. I came very near to death, and in the most ignominious manner that could by any possibility occur.

During the evening meal I had mentioned to those who were questioning me as to my past adventures, that I had once been a Captain in Flanders in the service of the Spaniards. One of the company who heard what I said fixed his gaze on me for a long while, and, after we had risen from table, he approached the Colonel and whispered in

1654. his ear. Both then went out without saying a word to me.

I was rather perturbed by this little episode, and was impatient to see what would result from it, when the order came that I was to go to the headquarters of the Prince de Condé. There was nothing to be done but obey, and I was taken off at once; but, the Prince's quarters being a long distance away, I only arrived there next morning.

I was taken before the Prince, who had been informed of my coming by letters from the Croatian Colonel. He began by enquiring to what country I belonged, and when he heard that I was Scots, he proceeded to ask if I had served the Spaniards in Flanders. I told him I had for some time been a captain in their service. "Go," he cried indignantly, "then you are the man about whom they have written to me."

I was surprised at these words, and endeavoured to beg the Prince to enlighten me as to his meaning, but he would not listen. I was then conducted to the guard-house and the provost was summoned to have irons put on my hands and feet.

I continued to press for the reason of this strange procedure, so little in conformity with the usual manner of treating prisoners of war, but was told in answer that these were none other than the Prince's orders. This

forced me to keep silent, although I was much 1634.
perturbed, and moving about to shake off my distress, by the merest chance I saw passing in the street Major-General des Marais, under whom I had once served in Flanders, and who had always honoured me with his friendship.

I ran to the window shouting with all my might to attract his attention, and he came up and quickly recognised me. He was much astonished to see me in such a place and in such poor outfit, and still more surprised when he learned the way in which I had been brought there.

As he was anxious to assist me, but had little time to spare, he gave orders to the officer of the guard not to allow any harm to be done me until he had seen and spoken to the Prince, to whom he hastened forthwith.

He first asked him the cause of my being treated with such harshness, and the Prince answered that I was one of those Irish Captains who had recently deserted to France in such dastardly fashion, and to prove this statement he produced the despatch of the Croatian Colonel.

Des Marais, after perusing it, said that it was a mistake; that as a matter of fact I had formerly served under him, and that he had always known me to be an honest man and was ready to stand surety for me.

1654. The Prince accepted his testimony and ordered me to be released. Des Marais himself asked to bring the message and see it carried out. He took me to his house, told me the whole story, and moreover said, that had I not had the luck to meet him I should, in spite of my innocence, have suffered the shameful penalty of a deserter.

It is hardly necessary for me to record my joy at having escaped such a death, and this happiness was greatly enhanced by the kindness I received day after day from Des Marais. He spared no persuasion to induce me to remain with him, but seeing that I was disinclined to do so, and that I had refused the employment which the Prince, on recognising my perfect innocence, had offered me, he himself generously paid my ransom, and sent me with a trumpeter to the frontier.

On the way to join my company I passed through Rheims in Champagne, where I met an Irishman I had once known as a lieutenant in the Army of Lorraine. He showed me every mark of friendship, and took me to a hostelry where he entertained me well for some time.

At first I thought he was doing this for old friendship's sake, but I found that there was a hidden design in all the kindness he was heaping upon me. When he considered the time had come for him to safely open his

heart to me, he disclosed the fact that he 1654.
was enamoured of the landlady, a young woman with an old husband not at all to her liking. He indicated that if I cared to rid them of the inconvenient husband, he could assure me that I would be handsomely rewarded.

Indignant at such a proposal I quitted the wretch in so great a rage that I could not speak to him, and went straight to the husband and told him what was going on, warning him to be on his guard. Then I left the place to join my company.

It was at that time quartered in the vicinity 1655.
of Metz. As soon as I arrived, Schomberg, who was still in command, had orders to fortify Saint Guillain, which the Marshals Turenne and La Ferté had just taken.

My Commandant, knowing that I had some knowledge of fortification, took me with him and placed me in command of the Sappers, and also commissioned me to pay them. By this means he wished to give me the opportunity of recouping myself in some measure for the losses I had sustained by my imprisonment.

When the work was complete we went into winter quarters, and there had ample time to reflect on the slight chances of advancement that were open to us in our position. A Scottish comrade of mine named Molisson,

1655. and I, therefore, determined to ask for our discharge.

Schomberg was very loth to grant our request; but seeing our determination, he finally assented. So we left the company, who evinced much regret at our departure. Some among them—our more intimate friends—even accompanied us on our way as far as Metz, where my comrade and I entertained them for four or five days. And this led to a very untoward adventure.

The Jews of Metz, noticing the large sums of money we were spending, informed the Garrison of Luxembourg, with whom they did a brisk trade, that there was a goodly amount of booty to be got from us, as we were leaving France with a lot of money we had earned there, and were taking the route by the Rhine.

Acting upon this information, a party of the Luxembourg garrison lay in wait for our boat at a certain spot known to them. Fortunately we were not in it.

It was true we had decided to make our way by the river Rhine, as the Jews had well known. But having consulted a boatman, whom we had attached to our interests by a small gratuity, he counselled us that, as we had no Spanish passport, it would be unwise to risk travelling by that route, and suggested our proceeding by another to

Coblentz, where he would endeavour safely 1655.
to convey our baggage and await us.

This we considered to be a well-conceived piece of advice, and were careful to follow it; but the issue was not as happy as we had hoped. Our boatman did faithfully meet us at Coblentz as arranged, but our baggage had been pillaged, and all he was able to save for us by his own efforts were a letter of credit and a scarlet mantle belonging to Molisson. And on account of this scarlet cloak, we had to pay our way for the rest of our journey as persons of quality, which is the custom throughout Holland.

We continued our journey by water as far as Amsterdam. Arrived there, we found in the inn at which we alighted Frederic, Landgrave of Hesse, on his way to Poland to join the army of the King of Sweden, his brother-in-law, who was waging war in that country with very successful issues.

It was also our intention to proceed there, and the Prince, coming to know of this, endeavoured to induce us to join him. Although we should have liked to have accompanied the Prince, we had already, before seeing him, entered into a bargain with the master of a vessel that was to take us to Königsberg. This disadvantage, as it seemed at the time, turned out favourably for us in the end. Frederic was a man of great valour, but

1655. extremely rash. Whilst advancing to join the King of Sweden after he had driven out the Polish King, he entered a town which he thought was in the hands of the Swedes. But it was otherwise: he was received with shots, and killed by a musket bullet through the head, most of his followers being killed with him at the same place.

We, on our part, went to Königsberg, where the Elector of Brandenburg was building a citadel to keep the burghers of that city in check, as they did not appear to be well affected towards him.

One day as we were watching the sappers, a Frenchman named Berigan, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Waldeck Regiment, who had charge of the works, made enquiries as to who we were, and learning that we had served in almost every part of Europe, and had just come from France, he questioned us as to our plans. We gave him to understand that we were in no present embarrassment, but were patiently waiting to see what would offer itself. By that he recognised, he said, that we were men of respectability, and he would mention us to the Count of Waldeck, and very probably one of us might be offered the command of a company then vacant in the regiment.

We gratefully acknowledged his kindness without in any way committing ourselves

to accept it, also without refusing ; and next 1655.
day we called upon the Count who, we found, had already been apprised about us.

He confirmed the truth of the statement made by his Lieutenant-Colonel, and offered the command of the vacant company to my comrade, preferring him to me because he had a scarlet cloak, the very same one that had escaped the clutches of the Luxembourg garrison.

Molisson, however, had never served in the infantry, and was therefore not very ready to accept the offer, which conveyed the impression that he considered it rather beneath his dignity.

Nevertheless it came very opportunely, as we had between the two of us so little money left that after buying a horse to mount him, there remained not the wherewithal to pay our innkeeper's bill. So we came to the conclusion that I should stay behind in pledge at the hostelry until Molisson was in a position to release me. I waited three whole weeks, at the end of which I saw him return so finely equipped that I was greatly delighted. For besides being his friend, we shared all we had in common, and it sufficed that one of us should have money for the other not to be in want.

As soon as I was released my comrade returned to his quarters, and I stayed at

1655. Königsberg, attending Court every day. On one occasion somebody informed me there was a Scots Colonel of Dragoons from my country in the city, and that he would probably give me employment for the sake of my nationality if I presented myself before him.

This was good counsel, and thanking the giver, I went in search of the Colonel, who received me very kindly. He listened to my application, and said he would have been happy to accommodate me, but there was no other vacancy in the regiment than a lieutenant-captaincy, which he did not venture to offer me. However that if, in spite of my having held higher rank, I cared to accept this grade, he would promise me the first captaincy that should fall vacant.

I relied on his good faith and accepted the post, though the offer was much below that which I might reasonably have expected, and for a while I had every ground to think that I had taken the wisest course.

In the beginning my Colonel dealt very fairly with me, and as a mark of his confidence in my probity he entrusted me with the collection of the contributions due to him.
1656. This employment brought me a certain amount of profit, but it also gave me much trouble, because I had to deal with people who could only be induced to pay when they had exhausted every means of evasion.

I recall to mind one occasion when I had 1656.
to collect about six thousand crowns which some towns and villages along the Weser owed to my Colonel. It took me more than two months before I was able to achieve my object; and I doubt if I should ever have been successful had I not hit upon the following artifice.

One of these little townships, the name of which I forget, absolutely refused to pay the levy, and so as to avoid being forced they closed the gates and placed guards over them. I was much perplexed as to how to proceed; and not being strong enough to extract payment by force, I bethought myself of a stratagem.

I very carefully reconnoitred the town, and was rewarded by finding a conduit by which it seemed likely a man might gain ingress. Then I waited till nightfall to make quite certain and found my conjecture correct.

I ordered all my men to crawl through, and then followed, and we formed up in the market-place before the citizens were aware of our entry. They were not a little surprised, as one may well imagine, and were forced to submit to all my demands. I was careful to utilise my advantage over them with moderation, which induced all the other places that had not yet submitted to surrender with a good grace and deliver up their dues.

1656. Whilst I was sedulously watching over the interests of my Colonel, he was sadly neglecting mine, and I found on my return that a company-command having fallen vacant, he had given it to another man. This caused me extreme annoyance, and I went straight to the Colonel and demanded to be relieved of my duty. He attempted to propitiate me with fine promises, and especially tried to lure me with the prospect of making me a major within a short time; but as I could no longer rely upon his word, I remained inflexible, and he was obliged to grant my request.

The Count of Waldeck, to whom I went and told my story, approved of the reasons I had given for leaving my employment and asked me to remain with him, promising to advance my prospects at the earliest possible opportunity. He even offered me the rank of major in his regiment; but as it was to be without a company, I did not care to accept it, but expressed my thanks.

I remained with the Count for four weeks. He kept two attendants and four horses for me, daily expecting the outcome of the Treaty which was being made between the King of Sweden and the Elector.

At last we heard this had been concluded; and that the Elector had undertaken, on certain conditions, to enter into an offensive

and defensive alliance with the Swedes, and 1656.
to maintain at his own expense four thousand men under arms for the King.

The King was then in Prussia, and as soon as the Treaty was ratified the Elector joined him and I followed under Count Frederick of Waldeck, Lieutenant-General of his forces, to whom his brother had particularly recommended me.

We straightway entered Poland, and made some advance. A council of war was then held and decided we should incontinently march on the enemy, who were encamped within sight of Warsaw, and give them battle.

Casimir, King of Poland, had at that time 150,000 men in his army, commanded by very able generals, and so he accepted battle. It lasted three days with varying success, but Charles, who acted on that occasion as soldier and leader in one, knew so well where his assistance was required, and rendered it in so timely a manner, that he forced back Casimir and remained master of his baggage and his artillery.

After this battle we returned to Prussia 1657.
to oppose 15,000 Polish or Tartar troops, who were creating great disorder there under the leadership of one of the King of Poland's generals. But as our presence soon caused them to withdraw across the frontier, the Elector remained at Königsberg and sent us

1657. to join the King, who was on his way to meet the Prince of Transylvania, his ally. Ragotzky, for that was his name, had a sore grievance against the Poles. He declared they had offered him the crown of Poland, and had then withdrawn the offer with derision. At this he was so incensed that as soon as he learned Charles had gone to war with them, he entered into an alliance, and joined him with an army of thirty thousand men.

Our united forces marched against the enemy, who retreated instead of awaiting us, and we followed them without result. However, the Cossacks of Ragotzky's army ravaged the whole country, and collected a great amount of booty.

As I was without employment in the army, I was seized with the desire to follow their example, and one day asked my General for twenty-five horsemen to form a marauding party, which he readily accorded me. But we put ourselves to unnecessary trouble, as the Cossacks, who are of all men the most active when there is a question of pillage, had left nothing in the whole neighbourhood for us to lay hands on.

While on our way back from this fruitless errand, sad and dejected at having had so much trouble for nothing, and already within sight of our camp fires, we passed by a mill, where my men found two Jews in hiding,

whom they brought before me. I told them 1657.
at once that if they wished to save their own lives they must tell us of some place where we could be indemnified for all the useless trouble we had taken. They both declared they did not know of any, so in order to frighten them I pretended I should have to put them to death. Whereupon one of my followers, thinking I was in earnest, immediately shot at one of the Jews, who fell ; an occurrence which distressed me much.

This was more than sufficient to induce the survivor to tell us all that he knew. He prayed for mercy, and assured me that if I spared his life he would conduct me to a spot where I and all my followers would find sufficient to enrich us for life.

I promised to spare him on condition that he kept his word, whereupon without loss of time I followed him to the borders of a marsh, into which he said he had a few days previously seen a Polish Commissioner throw a large sack filled with money.

On being shown the spot we probed it with our swords, but the water was so high that we could not reach bottom, so we sent for poles, and after a vast deal of trouble at last found the sack, and awaited its withdrawal with much impatience. We did not consider it wise to distribute the contents on the spot, though we were all very eager

1657. to do so. The fear that some accident might occur to rob us of our prize moderated our greed until we were in a place of safety.

Meanwhile we placed our booty into a cart we found at the mill, and harnessing one of our horses to it retraced our steps to camp as fast as possible. We arrived there without any untoward incident, our minds centred on dividing the booty, and I set to work at once to open our sack.—It was full of copper coins of very small value.

We regretted all the time and trouble wasted, but it could not be recalled, so we made the best of things and sold our copper to some Jews who were with our army, and who gave us about a thousand crowns.

A few days after this adventure I was ordered with fifty men to guard a small town which belonged to Prince Radsivil. The burghers received me with so much joy that they regaled my men with drink in order to show their gratification, with the result that they were soon all inebriated. This made me very angry, as the enemy was then quite close, and on these occasions one cannot be too much on one's guard; accordingly, to avoid any recurrence of such disorder, I left the town and posted myself on a small island in the neighbourhood.

The burgomaster and the elders of the synagogue of the Jews, who are in great

numbers there, followed me fearing I had 1657.
forsaken them, and made all sorts of promises to induce me to stay and continue to guard them ; so I reassured them and returned.

I was firmly resolved not to move from my post, but the very night I had taken up my position there a Jew came to tell me he knew of a place where treasure was hidden. He enlarged upon the fortune to be acquired if I would only make use of my opportunities: and the assurance that we could be back before daybreak, and the cursed desire I had to become rich, decided me to follow him without considering the risk to which I exposed myself, and the untoward results that my absence from my post might produce.

I will not dwell on the details of this expedition, which was quite fruitless, for I found the place occupied by Cossacks, who had probably possessed themselves of the treasure, if indeed it ever existed, and I was obliged to beat a retreat. This was accomplished with much speed, as it was already broad daylight; but in hurrying back I was only hastening to meet the news of the misfortune my imprudence had caused.

While I had been wasting my time in the search for treasure, the Cossacks, whom my evil destiny always invoked to frustrate and injure me, entered the town I should have been guarding, and finding it undefended

1657. pillaged and set fire to it. But that was a mere trifle compared to the manner in which they treated the Jews, who were, as I have afore said, in great number in this town. The Cossacks drove them into their synagogue and burned them alive without mercy. I arrived just as the ruffians were retreating from their fine expedition, taking with them numbers of carts laden with spoil. I will not attempt to express my chagrin, which was only increased by my incapacity to avenge the outrage.

The King, in whose service I was, had good reasons for remaining on amicable terms with Ragotzky, and had therefore given express orders that no one should, on pain of death, oppose the violences that his soldiers were daily committing. Up to that time his orders had been strictly obeyed, but now my men, furious that a town which they were supposed to guard should be burnt like this before their very eyes, or, as was most probable, jealous that the Cossacks should alone carry off such a fine booty, charged them without waiting for my orders, and captured thirty or forty cartloads of their loot. The Cossacks, not anticipating any such insult, turned and made ready to defend themselves, after having sent me a message to ask if I was ignorant of the orders the King had issued in their favour.

I answered that I was aware of the King's orders, and that it was without orders from me that my men had charged, but they must be excused as they were not masters of their first impulse; that it was a great affront to them to burn before their eyes a town which had been placed under their protection; and that if they had shown resentment at first, it was quite a legitimate feeling under the circumstances; that all the same I would do everything I could to appease my men and to induce them to rest content with what they had already taken; but that it would be quite useless to endeavour to make them yield it up. 1657

The Cossacks were satisfied with my reasons—or pretended to be so—and retired after I had made a way for them. My men returned with me to camp, ill content that all their trouble had only resulted in the few cartloads they had been able to recapture, consisting for the most part merely of provisions.

I reported the whole occurrence to my General, and he advised me not to show myself abroad until the matter had blown over, because if the Cossacks were to lodge a complaint against me, the King would not dare to refuse them satisfaction.

This advice obliged me to make a few more expeditions, but they were unluckily all unsuccessful. One day I met some Polish

1657. ladies of very high quality, whom I brought into my camp, showing them every mark of respect.

I expected a considerable sum for my capture; but the Chevalier du Tercou,* Ambassador of the King of France, claimed my prisoners under some pretext or other, and I was obliged to deliver them up. All my hopes, therefore, of receiving a mighty ransom vanished, and resolved themselves into two hundred crowns, which, however, were shared by the men who had been with me when I took this great prize.

Ever and again I marvelled at the caprice of Fortune who, by constantly presenting magnificent opportunities of enrichment, raised my anticipations so as to thrust me into still deeper despondency by disappointing me of my chances.

Meanwhile the conquests of King Charles, who had driven out Casimir of Poland and reduced nearly the whole of his kingdom to subjection, alarmed the Emperor. He trembled for his own States after his neighbour's had been entirely conquered, and this fear induced him to form a League among the Princes who were dissatisfied with Sweden.

He first addressed himself to Frederick III., King of Denmark, who was discontented

* *Terlon*, see p. 262.

with the peace his father had been obliged 1657.
to conclude with the Swedes in 1646, and had ample excuse and ample desire to break it. Thus readily disposed, Frederick gladly fell in with the Emperor's propositions, and they concluded a treaty. Whereupon the King of Denmark declared war on the Swedes; issued a manifesto containing his reasons; and sent an army into Holstein.

Charles received this news just as he was preparing to meet an Imperial army which had been sent to re-establish Casimir on the throne of Poland, and which he would in fact have met on the frontier if our General had not refused to follow him. This, added to other signs, caused him to realise that the Elector was desirous of abandoning the alliance, as actually happened.

Nothing, however, could daunt the intrepid spirit of Charles, who determined alone and unsupported to face his enemies.

Recognising that his presence was absolutely necessary in Holstein, where the Danish troops were creating great ravages, he resolved to proceed there, and quitted Poland, leaving his brother, Prince Adolphus, in command of the army which remained in that country.

His parting advice to Ragotzky was to retire into a certain town he had granted to him when they first united their forces, so that if the Imperialists ventured to attack

1657. him with a superior army, he could retreat for safety into his own territory.

This advice would have been excellent, had it been followed; but Ragotzky neglected to carry it out at the commencement, and bethought himself of it when too late, and the Imperial troops had already fallen upon his army. As a result his retreat proved most unfortunate; being forced to engage the Imperialists, he was entirely defeated, and found himself constrained, in order to save his life, to treat with them under the most humiliating conditions that ever conquerors imposed.

We had already retired in the direction of Königsberg, as the Elector had concluded a treaty with the King of Poland, and abandoning the King of Sweden, withdrew us from his service.

Had I in those days been of a reflective turn of mind, I should have had good food for thought in an accident which happened to me at that time.

A servant to whom I had entrusted all the booty I had captured in Poland, robbed me of it and managed to get clear away, and all my endeavours to trace him were fruitless.

I consoled myself for this misfortune with the hope of finding my patron, the Count of

Waldeck, still as favourably disposed towards 1657.
me as before, and willing to advance my prospects. But when I came to him I learnt that he had for some reason grown dissatisfied, and had asked the Elector to be relieved of his charge, with the intention of returning to Germany.

The Count Frederick, his brother, had not been able to give me preferment during the campaign which had just terminated, so I was still without a commission, and free to accompany him; and I went with all the more readiness, as he promised to share his fortunes with me whatever befell. So I followed him to Pillau, where he was to embark. The wind, however, was unfavourable, and we had to wait at that port for a change of weather. During this time the Count received some very pressing letters from the Elector, begging that he should return to him immediately. He obeyed, and we retraced our steps, but when we arrived at Baroostein [Bartenstein?] the Count's quarters, he fell ill of smallpox. I never forsook him for a moment, and after a short illness he died in my arms.

This was the greatest loss I could possibly have sustained; I loved this prince with the tenderest devotion, and he on his part lavished upon me much kindness and genuine affection. Dying he gave proofs of this, recommending

1657. me earnestly to his brother, who willingly took me under his protection.

The Elector meanwhile had formed some secret plans. He sent the Count into Germany to raise levies. I went with him, and he gave me a commission to raise a troop of horse.

My district was in the Duchy of Cleves, and the town of Wesel was assigned me to pay the levies. But as Wesel had then a Dutch garrison, it considered itself exempt from obeying the Elector's orders, and refused to pay the amount at which it had been assessed.

Their refusal was most embarrassing, as I was not in a position either to raise my troop without money or to force Wesel to pay me the moneys for which they were liable. I was in a state of perplexity, but when I least expected it, my difficulties were solved by a somewhat amusing incident.

The Count Josias of Waldeck, who was our Lieutenant-Colonel, came one morning to my quarters, to which I had for a time been confined by some slight indisposition. He heard of my difficulties, and assured me when he left, he would do all that lay in his power to get them settled satisfactorily.

On his way back he met two of the principal inhabitants of Wesel coming in my direction, and it occurred to him that this

might be a useful opportunity to me. So, 1657.
without telling them, he sent a trumpeter to outstrip them and advise me of their approach.

When I received this news I resolved to stop the good burghers in their fine coach, and with this object I found myself quite by chance as it were on their road, and invited them very politely to dine with me. I do not know if they suspected my design, but showing some amazement they refused my invitation, so I thought it better not to dissimulate further, and told them frankly that I intended them to be my guests until the town had satisfied my demands.

They were very much surprised at my courteous proposal, but realising that there was nothing to be done but to satisfy me, and fearing that if they remained longer in my hands, all the men of the regiment to whom their town owed money would alike force them to pay, they gave me the caution-money for the borough, and in twenty-four hours I was paid the entire amount.

Shortly afterwards we were ordered to 1658.
march into Westphalia, but as I had not completed my preparations I was one of the last to leave these quarters.

Arriving within sight of Wesel I received information that the townspeople intended to capture my company and me, and to force

1658 me to return all the money the regiment had received from them. This necessitated a very cautious approach. I placed my Cornet at the head of the troop, and myself remained in the rear with fifteen horse, all resolved on a determined resistance in case of attack.

In this manner we passed before the town, where we saw the whole garrison assembled on the ramparts! But when they found we were marching in good order, and not like men with fear in their hearts, they let us pass without a word.

I slowly made my way into Westphalia, and there, for some reason unknown to me, our regiment was re-formed, and I was reduced to the rank of Junior Captain.

Whether these changes annoyed the Count, or whether he had already other causes of discontent, he left the Elector and sent me to offer his services to the King of Sweden.

I found the King in Holstein, where he had arrived at the beginning of this year with the object of making a vigorous attack on Denmark as soon as the season permitted. He received me with great kindness, and as he knew the Count's excellent merits, readily accepted his services.

I returned without delay to communicate the success of my negotiations, and we proceeded together to join the King at a town

on the sea coast, towards which he had advanced in order to make a reconnaissance of the places he had decided to attack. 1658.

It was the commencement of the month of February, and on the night after our arrival,. we experienced such an extraordinarily severe frost that the sea was completely frozen over. The King caused it to be sounded in different places, and judging by the depth of the ice that he could even venture to pass the artillery over it, he resolved to cross by the ice to the Islands of Denmark.

This suggestion froze every one with terror; and it was represented to the King that he would be exposing his entire Army to irretrievable destruction should a thaw set in. He, however, persisted in his design, and intimated that he himself would cross at the head of his Army. This example of valour animated his soldiers with such ardour that not a single man refused to expose himself to perils which their King shared with them.

In this way the Army crossed the ice to the Island of Fünen, which had been fixed as the general rendezvous. It was taken after a stubborn fight, and the King leaving the Count in command of the Island, himself marched upon Copenhagen.

The King of Denmark, however, seeing inevitable ruin before him, unless he made

1658. peace, pressed the matter so forcibly that at length, through the mediation of Cromwell, a peace was concluded in six days at Roskild, under very onerous conditions. He himself fully recognised this, but in the state of his affairs he had no alternative but to accept.

He therefore dissimulated his feelings, adroitly concealing his discontent; received King Charles at Fredericsburg with all the marks of friendship he could summon, and made him handsome presents before they parted.

Nevertheless, he could not bear the humiliating sight of Swedish troops garrisoning his country under his very eyes, and determined to expel them. With this object he sought the friendship of the Dutch, who had their own reasons for wishing to help him to this end, and who promised to fit out a great fleet for his assistance. Assured of their support; he issued orders to raise soldiers, fortified his strongholds, and forbade the governors of the fortresses which he had agreed to give up to the Swedes to relinquish them, whatever orders they might receive from that side. This was how the Peace of Roskild was broken after only a few months' duration.

Charles had received information about the King of Denmark's dispositions, and suspected his designs; to make quite certain, however, he demanded the execution of some

of the Articles of the Treaty which had not been carried out. The King of Denmark refused, and thereupon Charles assembled his Army and swept down upon Zealand. He then sent part of the forces under command of Wrangel to invest Kroneborg, and himself with the remainder went to besiege Copenhagen. 1658.

Meanwhile the Count, who had remained in command of the Island, received orders to send officers to Bremen to raise a regiment of Dragoons, and he selected a Frenchman named De Souches to execute this commission—De Souches as Lieutenant-Colonel and I as his Major.

Eager to get to the seat of action, we found a small vessel which was sailing for Hamburg, and in which we embarked without being able to take our belongings. So we left them behind with orders that they should be despatched by a big ship that was shortly to make the same voyage.

Our own was perfectly happy, and we arrived at Hamburg without any untoward occurrence. But to moderate our satisfaction we heard that the Danes had captured the vessel that was carrying our baggage. However, I did not feel much afflicted by the mishap, as I had by this time become accustomed to such accidents.

At Hamburg we received the necessary

1658. money for our levies, but my Lieutenant-Colonel thought fit to remain there and amuse himself, and sent me on to Staden to deliver the Patents of the King to the Authorities, in order to procure the assistance necessary to carry out our object.

The Count de Dona was then the Governor of the County of Bremen during the absence of Könismark, at that time a prisoner in Dantzig. He did all he could to help me, and I am bound to admit that without his assistance I should never have succeeded in raising my levies in a district with which I had no previous acquaintance.

During the six months which it took me to raise the regiment, my Lieutenant-Colonel never left Hamburg, where he had plunged into all kinds of debauchery. The Count received information of his disorderly life, dismissed him, and gave me the office which he was supposed to have held. A Frenchman named Rivecour was made Major in my place, and started with half the regiment for Holstein, whilst I remained with the other half to hold in check the Danish Army which was trying to cross the Elbe.

The Count de Dona was no longer in the country, so I took my orders from Lieutenant-General Müller, who was then in command.

He sent instructions to the inhabitants of Neuhousen to give me all the assistance I

might require, and directed me to take up 1658.
my position in any part of the country I
considered most desirable.

Selecting a little borough surrounded by 1659.
shallow moats, I put them into the best
condition that the surroundings and the
season permitted, and remained there the
whole winter. It was one of extreme severity,
and we were obliged to spend every night of
it under arms.

Könismark, who was the real Governor of the country, had meanwhile been released from prison and resumed authority while I was still at Neuhousen. The Commandant of that town, who was not friendly disposed towards him, lodged the complaint against me that I had committed all kinds of violence in his jurisdiction, and I had to go to Staden to vindicate myself. When Könismark saw me he asked in a very high-handed manner what was my reason for the alleged violences, to which I replied that I could easily show that I had done nothing except by order of those who commanded in his absence. The Governor was proud and haughty. My answer did not please him ; I was not humble enough for his liking, so he had me placed under arrest without giving me a further hearing.

I was not, however, kept long under arrest, and when released was called upon to render an exact account of what moneys I had

1659. received. And it then transpired that far from my having exacted more than was due to me, there still remained eight thousand crowns to my credit that had never been paid.

About this time the King of Sweden died, and peace was concluded a few months later at Oliva. My regiment was disbanded, and Könismark made me the offer to retain one company of Dragoons if I would remain in his service; but not caring to serve under him, I refused and followed the Count of Waldeck, who also left the Swedes.

On our return to Germany we heard that the King of England, Charles the Second, had been reinstated in his kingdoms by the unanimous desire of his subjects. The Count, to whom the King was under many obligations, greatly rejoiced at this news, and asked me to undertake to convey his felicitations to the King.

1660. I hastened to London and delivered to His Majesty the compliments with which I was charged. He recognised me at once, and enquired very graciously what had become of me since the Battle of Worcester. I told my story in a few words. He then said many obliging things, and with the assurance that he would never forget the services of the Count—nor mine—he gave me leave to withdraw.

1663. I returned to Germany, where I found the

War running very high. The Emperor, 1663.
pressed by the Turks, had been compelled to summon the assistance of all the princes of the Empire, and each sent the quota of troops at which he was taxed by the Diet.

The Elector of Cologne, who was under the obligation to send a regiment of infantry to Hungary, entrusted the raising of it to Count Josias of Waldeck, who accepted the task on condition that I should be his Lieutenant-Colonel. But this was no longer possible, as the Elector had promised the post to a kinsman of his own. In order, however, to meet the Count's wishes he offered me the rank of major, with the pay of a Lieutenant-Colonel. The Count did not communicate this proposal to me, thinking that I would not accept lower rank than I had previously held. He himself had never before served in the infantry, and the Lieutenant-Colonel who had been foisted on him had no knowledge of warfare, so he was in some perplexity, and all these personal difficulties weighed as much with him in his desire to have me in his regiment as did his friendship for me.

I divined the thoughts that were agitating his mind though he did not give expression to them but by circuitous ways, and I therefore assured him that both for his sake and for the sake of his brother, to whom I owed a

1663. debt of gratitude, I would join him in the campaign in whatever capacity he cared to take me.

The Count was greatly pleased with this announcement, and told me of all he had endeavoured to do in order to induce the Elector to make me his Lieutenant-Colonel, and of all the obstacles that had been placed in the way. He begged me for the time being to content myself with acting as his Major, assuring me that I should anyhow have the entire charge of the regiment.

He left me soon because he took Post to Vienna, and the Lieutenant-Colonel was only to join us at the place assigned for our quarters. He met us there as arranged, but was killed in the first engagement in which we took part, and I stepped into his place.

1664. The first duty to which I applied myself was to drill the regiment, which was badly in need of training, having hardly any officers who knew their business. With this object I made the men do small marches, and my plan succeeded so well that by the time we reached our winter quarters in Steyermark [Styria] it was a perfectly well-disciplined body.

We hardly had time to rest from our long march when we were commanded to join the Count de Serin, who proposed to make a small expedition before the time for the campaign arrived.

But for the very severe cold that pre- 1664.
vailed we should not have been able to march, as the ground would otherwise have been quite impassable at that season of the year. We arrived before the town of Tunkisken, which we took by assault, and we then proceeded to lay siege to Sighet. We took it easily, as there was only one weak line of entrenchments, but the Turks retired within the Castle, so the infantry division was left to reduce them, while the cavalry and the dragoons proceeded to the Bridge of Essek.

Their enterprise was successful ; they destroyed the bridge, the passage of which was of the utmost importance to the Turks, and returned to rejoin us before the Castle of Sighet, which we did not succeed in taking. So we contented ourselves with burning the town, and all returned to our winter quarters.

When the time came for us to start on our campaign, my Colonel informed me that we should have to pass several Turkish garrisons which might interfere with our march. It was therefore necessary to find a man of experience to entrust with the encampment of the army, and he considered that I should make a very good Quartermaster-General. This suggestion met with approval, the office was conferred on me, and I was given two companies of cavalry and all the Quartermasters of the Army, in the aggregate about

1664. five hundred horse, to assist me in the exercise of my duties.

With these I passed within range of the cannon of Sighet, which the Turks had repaired, and whence they issued to attack us; but I stood my ground and gave time for the advance-guard to come up, which obliged the Turks to leave me a free passage.

Not very far beyond I found a wood near which were two villages, which I selected for the encampment of the Army. The cavalry were to occupy the furthermost village, and the infantry the one at the entrance to the wood. I allotted to each Quartermaster, as is customary, the place which his particular regiment was to occupy.

As we had left the enemy in our rear, I made the troops face the direction from which we had come, which is a rule always followed by those who understand the art of encampment.

The left wing of the Army furnished the advance-guard on that day, and as each of its regiments came up, I made them face about.

I had already placed the two first regiments in position when the Count d'Holac, our General, who was watching the dispositions from a neighbouring height, sent for me and asked me very brusquely what on earth I was doing with his troops. I answered

that they were not doing anything but what 1664.
was according to rule, and that if he would have a little patience he would assuredly be satisfied. He further enquired of me where I had placed the front of the Army; and I said facing the enemy, as men practised in their calling generally do. At this the Count flew into a rage, and treated me as though I did not understand my business.

This made me angry, and seeing that it was impossible to make him listen to reason, I could not resist asking him to allow those who understood the matter to judge of it, and I would stake my head that they would approve of my procedure. He felt the force of my answer, but told me that I was being disrespectful and threatened to have me placed under arrest.

I left him, feeling as much outraged as ever man could, protesting loudly that I would not for another moment retain the office of Quartermaster-General, which I there and then resigned. All the officers of the Army came and begged me to resume it, with assurances that all were agreed I was right in my difference with the General; but their entreaties were of no avail, I persisted in my resolve. As, however, I wished to act in a manner such as would give no opening for reproach, I asked the Count Josias for permission to resign. But he did

1664. not wish me to leave him, and he knew so well how to win me over that I remained in spite of myself. He represented to me that my leaving in the way I contemplated would be misjudged, that the malicious might even impute cowardice, and that at least I was bound to serve until the end of the campaign. To all this he added entreaties so pressing that I could not resist, and promised to do as he desired.

I resumed charge, therefore, of my duties, and the army moved forward and laid siege to Canisia. On our way there we came upon a marsh across which, by the General's orders, a cannon of about thirty-eight pounds' calibre was to be taken and placed in position on the other side.

Either from ignorance or carelessness, those who had been charged with the duty of taking it across took it mounted on its carriage. I approached them and pointed out the impossibility of succeeding if they proceeded in this wise. I suggested they should take the cannon and the gun-carriage separately, since both together would sink into the marsh, and they would never be able to raise them again. The men were not unreasonable, and seeing the wisdom of my advice set to work to follow it, when the Count d'Holac arrived on the scene. No sooner had he discovered what I had advised

than he turned to me and asked, "Who 1664.
has given you this order? Keep to your own business, this does not concern you." I could hardly restrain my anger at these unjust words, but I remembered that after all he was my General, and that I did not have to suffer much from his bad temper, and so I controlled myself and went off without answering.

Canisia was invested, and positions were assigned for the occupation of all the troops until entrenchments should be made. But the Turks fell upon the troops that the King of Sweden had sent to the relief of the Emperor, completely routed them with great slaughter, and planted their standards on the besiegers' works.

I was commanded to go and support the fugitives, and to endeavour to recapture the positions which they had abandoned. "Now show me," said the Count d'Holac to me, in a disdainful manner, "what you are capable of." "I am going," I replied, "and I shall not return unless I earn the esteem of those who despise me."

I had the good fortune not only to retake the lost position, but also to hold it for some time, exposed to the attacks of the Turks, and with little support. The General, who was watching the operations from a battery which he had mounted, saw all that was

1664. happening and was extremely well satisfied. He gave the order to retire, came himself to meet us, and embraced me with great heartiness, after having asked for my friendship, promising his own in return. Our reconciliation was sincere, and since this occurrence I have had every reason to be satisfied with the manner in which he has dealt with me.

After we had been about five weeks before Canisia the Turks forced us to raise the siege and to retire to Serinvar, where they in their turn came to besiege us.

We were able to defend ourselves vigorously, having a garrison of two thousand men in the town whom we could have relieved every day had we liked, because our Army was encamped on the other side of the River Raab and there was a bridge across it at this point.

We first made a few sorties, and one day after the siege had begun the Count d'Holac, in order to mark our perfect reconciliation, gave me five hundred men with whom to endeavour to surprise the Turks and capture a part of their positions.

I waited to carry out his instructions until night had fallen, and then issued from the town. I detached a Captain with fifty horse, and gave him orders to approach the enemy, and to retire to a demi-lune which

was on my left, as soon as he had given them 1664. the alarm. My object was to intercept those who came in pursuit of him, between their camp and the demi-lune where I lay in ambush.

Following the advice given me by the governor of the town, I donned my accoutrements as soon as we were in position; but when I put on my helmet I felt so encumbered by it, mainly because it prevented my hearing, that I pulled it off and gave it to one of my servants, who placed it on his own head.

Meanwhile the Captain who was to give the alarm, gave it very thoroughly, but instead of retreating to the place I had indicated, he came full tilt at me in great disorder, the Turks in hot pursuit. Though I saw all my well-laid plans shattered by the mistake of my officer, I did not fail to issue forth, and so took the Turks by surprise that I was able to kill a good many and force back the remainder up to their own camp. After which I retired in good order in the direction of the town.

As I approached I heard a voice shouting to me from the ramparts that I was to advance. I understood this as an order to return to the enemy, and without reflecting on the temerity of my action, I turned upon a body of Janissaries who had pursued me from some distance, and whom I could

1664. have evaded had I so desired. My men, who had followed me very half-heartedly, deserted at the first shock, and took ignominiously to flight. I remained alone with my servant, whom the Turks mistook for the officer because of his helmet and cut off his head, taking no notice of me.

It was a stroke of luck for me that I got out of this melée without being discovered, and that I found a secluded spot in which to pass the remainder of the night. I presented myself at the city gates as soon as day broke, and was received with acclamations of joy, because those who had deserted me in the night had reported, probably to excuse their own flight, that I had been killed at the outset.

The Count d'Holac, who was still in the town, showed himself very pleased with me, and he and all the officers declared that there never would have been a sortie more successful had I been content with my first advantage. All enquiries as to who had called out to me from the ramparts proved fruitless.

However, in spite of our stubborn resistance, the Turks took the town by assault in broad daylight, and put nearly the entire garrison to the sword, because the first lot who fled to our main army blew up the bridge, and so left the rest of the garrison

at the mercy of the Turks who gave no 1664.
quarter. They razed the town to the ground before our very eyes without our making the least effort to stay them; and then, collecting all the dead in one great pile, they burnt them to prevent corruption. The wind blowing off this funeral-pyre sent forth such poisonous exhalations in the direction of our camp, that we had to abandon it with all speed.

We marched continuously along one bank of the Raab while the enemy marched along the other, and in this way we kept pace with one another as far as Saint Gothard, where the Turks, who thought we were fleeing before them, crossed in broad daylight—about seven thousand strong—cut to pieces those of our troops that disputed their passage, and carried terror and dismay into the remainder of our Army.

I have never in my wide experience of the many engagements in which I have taken part witnessed such astonishing effects of fear as I saw on this occasion. There were whole regiments of soldiers who allowed their heads to be cut off without stepping out of the ranks, or without making the least effort to defend themselves, to such a degree had terror seized them. They simply cried loudly to the Holy Virgin, imploring her assistance, but evidently the

1664. clash of arms prevented her from hearing them.

The cavalry was the first to break, and my regiment, finding itself abandoned, retreated in fair order to a hollow where the Turkish cavalry could not attack them. I was not then with my regiment, and in proceeding to join it, I ran into a great danger, for I met five or six Turks who closely pursued me and fired at me. My horse received a shot in the crupper, but it did not hinder him from saving my life on this occasion by going at such a pace that I reached the regiment before the Turks could overtake me.

After the retreat of my regiment the disorder in our army was so great that nobody doubted it would have been entirely defeated, but for the French troops which Louis XIV. had sent to the assistance of the Emperor.

Coligny and La Feuillade, who commanded them, made such a timely charge upon the Turks, who were following up their victory, that they checked and then broke the enemy, forcing them back into the river, where the bulk of their forces perished.

This encounter brought about peace; the Turks, who had lost the flower of their army, proposed terms, and the Emperor was for several reasons only too glad to consent.

Whilst the peace negotiations were proceeding our Generals sent me to Gratz, there to exact the payment of the remainder of our winter-quarters' dues, which, as we claimed, amounted to 15,000 crowns. Each regiment concerned gave me for this purpose three officers, who together with their servants amounted to eighty horse, to form my escort. 1664.

This would have been a sufficient number to deal with a well-intentioned population, but the inhabitants of Gratz declared that they had already paid and owed us nothing. Not being in a position to use force, I employed every gentle means to induce these people to satisfy my demands: but without success. I, therefore, changed my course of action. I had already collected besides the men who originally followed me, about sixteen hundred soldiers, some sick, who had recovered their health, and some who had not been able to keep up with the Army, but all were unarmed.

I also had in my possession an order of the Emperor which authorised me, wherever I might be, to appropriate any arms which belonged to our Army. Having noticed some very fine weapons in the arsenal at Gratz, I went there one day under the pretext of looking at them, and took possession of them by virtue of my order without any one venturing to oppose me. I likewise possessed

1664. myself of two pieces of cannon marked with the arms of Münster.

Having armed my men, I commenced to impose rather than to request obedience, as I had hitherto been obliged to do. I took what quarters I required, and insisted authoritatively on being given whatever I needed. But I could never obtain money.

I held in my hands the means of obtaining it, but as I had my reasons for not wishing to create disorder in the city, I left for Vienna as soon as I learnt that peace had been concluded.

Though I was in a friendly country and in times of peace, I did not fail to march under all the precautions that I would have taken in times of war. At our halting-places, I expressly forbade my soldiers to commit any acts of violence; but I also insisted that they should be treated well, and when on leaving the inhabitants demanded payment for what they had supplied, I referred them to the city of Gratz which had not paid the dues, and were therefore responsible for our inability to pay others.

I never set out from our halting-places without forming up my men, with our two pieces of cannon at their head, which kept the peasantry at a distance. I very frequently observed bands of people coming out with the object of attacking us, but the

good order in which we marched deterred 1664.
them from carrying out their design.

Proceeding like this I took my men the whole way to Vienna, but when we had nearly reached there, I received orders to discharge them, and send them back to their several regiments, which I did.

On arrival in the city I returned the two cannons which I had brought along with me to the Bishop of Münster. He thanked me profusely for the care I had taken of his interests on this occasion, and promised me a reward for this service, which I am to this day still awaiting.

I had then to leave Vienna. The Emperor sent me a medal with a gold chain in giving me my discharge; and the Count Josias, who posted home, left me to take the regiment back, which was now reduced to less than a hundred men. I took it as far as Bohemia, where we were joined by a thousand recruits sent to us by the Elector, and they returned with me. I will not enter into all the uninteresting details of my march, but content myself with saying that I prevented my men throughout from committing any disorders. On the other hand, I did not pay anything for what they received. All I did to satisfy those who complained of my mode of procedure was to sign their bills, and tell them to take them to the

1664. Elector, which I was quite certain none of them would ever do. In many places both the gentry and the peasants assembled to try and surprise us, or to seize our baggage; but I maintained such good order of march that they allowed us to continue our journey unmolested.

1665. In this way I arrived at Bonn, where I found the Elector. He received me in a very kind manner, and gave me his portrait mounted in diamonds on a gold chain, with many expressions of gratitude for the care I had taken of his regiment. He dismissed all the officers; but he did me the honour to retain my services, gave me a company of two hundred men, and sent me to command at Penn [Peine?]. He had previously offered me the Governorship of Bonn, if I cared to change my religion; but this I refused.

I was very well received at Penn, especially by the Protestants, who were delighted to have a Governor of their own faith. During my stay there the Elector conceived the design of rendering himself master of the town of Hildesheim, and orders were issued to me to make a reconnaissance of the place.

The enterprise seemed quite practicable and would no doubt have been undertaken, but for the difficulties which arose at that time between the Dukes of Brunswick. The Elector seeing his neighbours under arms,

apparently feared they might thwart his 1665. plan if he attempted to carry it out, and so left the matter to a more favourable opportunity. The differences between these princes did not last long, and a settlement took place, upon which, however, they did not disband the troops they had raised. The Dutch being apprised of this, opened negotiations with the Princes for the loan of those troops for the war they were then carrying on against the Bishop of Münster.

Their request was granted, but in order not to remain unarmed the Princes resolved to raise a new force. For this purpose officers were required, and all who were then out of employment offered their services.

As I was not well satisfied with my own appointment I went to the Count of Waldeck, whom the Princes had entrusted with the command of the troops, and asked him to let me enter his service. The Count had always honoured me with his friendship, and as a mark thereof presented me to His Serene Highness the Duke George William, then Duke of Hanover, in whose service I have the honour to remain to this day. The conditions under which I was to serve were soon arranged, and I had nothing further to do than to obtain my discharge from the Elector. This good Prince was very reluctant to grant my request, but not wishing to

1665. retain me against my own desire, he accepted my resignation in writing in a very kind and appreciative manner. He insisted that everything of any consequence that I had done in the Hungarian campaign should be recorded upon the document, and assured me that if at any time I should be at a loss where to go, I could always count upon finding a sure refuge with him. I left him much gratified with his frank and generous kindness, though I was not any the richer for it. But I have all my life preferred kind treatment to material advantage.

Meanwhile my new master had left the Duchy of Hanover to his brother, Prince John-Frederick, and himself took possession of the Duchy of Celle, which had come to him by the death of his eldest brother, Prince Christian-Louis.

He bestowed upon me when I entered his service one free company, and made me Commandant of Celle, which post I occupied, without other duty than that of guarding the town.

At this time Molisson came to proffer his services to his Highness. He at first made some difficulty about accepting a lieutenant-colonelcy that was offered him because, as I have said before, it was his particular weakness to pretend that anything offered to him was beneath his merits. But I easily

persuaded him to take what he could get, 1665.
and he was afterwards very glad, because his Colonel soon retired and he stepped into his place.

Being his senior in the service, I had more 1666.
right than Molisson to this office, but the friendship that existed between us induced me to suffer the injustice without complaint. True that they did not think they were doing me an injury, and that as I asked for nothing, I surely ought not to expect anything.

Meanwhile the troops that had been promised to Holland were ready to start, but before their departure they were taken to the assistance of Bremen, then blockaded by the Swedes under General Wrangel. Our Princes forced them to retire without a blow, and it is said that this General has never been able to overcome the affront he received on this occasion.

I had taken part in the expedition to Bremen, but as I was not required for the Netherlands, I returned to Celle while our troops proceeded on their journey. It may 1667.
well be called a journey, because, the States making peace with the Bishop of Münster and our help not being necessary, they hardly remained any time in Holland.

Very soon, however, they were needed elsewhere. The Venetians, who were being hard pressed by the Turks in Candia, petitioned

1667. our Princes for troops to assist them, and the latter generously sent them three thousand men under the command of Count Josias of Waldeck.

The Count was eager for me to accompany him, and I too would have been glad to go, but all my endeavours to be sent were in vain. Perhaps this was after all fortunate, as the Count died on the expedition.

At this time Chauvet, who was then without employ, came to Celle, where His Highness, knowing his merits, wished to retain him in his service. He consented only on condition that he should be made a Major-General, which request was granted, to the prejudice of all the other Colonels, who were greatly annoyed. They did not, however, leave the service, as they had at first threatened, if they were to be superseded by a new-comer.

It must be admitted that in truth Chauvet merited the distinction; for it cannot be gainsaid that he possessed all the qualities which tend to make a great captain. He was of obscure birth, but had raised himself to such a position by his own merits that he was eagerly sought for by many princes to command their armies. He ended his career at a great age, dying with the rank of Field-Marshal.

We were a long time waiting on events without active employment, and this gave

me leisure to go to England for the second 1667. time since the Restoration of King Charles. He was always kindly disposed and obliging to me, but quite unable, as he himself very naively told me, to do anything for those who had followed him and served his cause during the time of his tribulation.

It is true that the people who were at this moment most prominent at Court were those who had contributed most to his misfortunes. I even admit that policy might require that he should treat them in this way ; but surely consideration for them was not a sufficient pretext for rewarding with empty compliments men who had sacrificed their fortune and risked their lives a hundred times in his service. However, it must be said the good Prince gave no thought to anything but to his mistresses.

When I had disposed of the affairs which had required my presence in England, I went to take leave of the King, who held me the same gracious and obliging discourses as I had heard from him on several previous occasions. And after this he offered, without my asking it, to write and commend me to His Highness.

In this letter he expressed his appreciation of the fact that His Highness had taken me into his service, and begged him to continue his favours to me, assuring him that I was

1667. worthy of them by virtue of that faithfulness and devotion which he was convinced I entertained for my masters.

I departed with this letter, sole recompense of the services I had rendered the King, and, on my arrival at Celle, handed it to His Highness. But I never perceived that it made the slightest change in the treatment which this Prince has always extended to me.

1670. Some time after my return from England the Bishop of Münster, annoyed with the House of Brunswick for lending assistance to the Dutch against him, attempted to seize upon a small town in Wolfenbüttel. We hastened to frustrate his design, but some mutual friends threw themselves between us and extinguished the conflagration at its birth.

However, as we were under arms, our Princes resolved among themselves that before our troops went into winter quarters we should go and take Brunswick unawares and lay siege to it.

Under pretext of some alleged privilege, this city had for a long time ceased to render obedience to its lords. It had even at the commencement of this century successfully resisted a siege, which had considerably swelled its haughty pride. But on the present occasion it was taken by surprise and forced to submit, and the inhabitants

took the oath of fealty to the Duke Rudolph-Augustus of Wolfenbüttel, to whom it now belongs. 1670.

Greatly to my displeasure, my company was incorporated with Fraise's Regiment during the siege of Brunswick. But this was not the sole cause of annoyance to me at that time. One of the colonels died, and every one believed that I should have his place, and I was even congratulated on that account; but it was given to a new-comer at the mere recommendation of Chauvet, with whom he had been acquainted in France. This was a monstrous injury, but at last they tired of heaping injustice upon me, and when Fraise fell ill and retired, the command of his regiment was given to me, and I proceeded at once to Harburg, a town in His Highness's dominions, where it was then in garrison.

During the time I was in quarters there 1672.
the King of France, irritated against the Dutch, carried war into their country and conquered in a short time a great part of their Provinces.

The majority of the Princes of Europe were not at all displeased that the Dutch should be somewhat humbled, their pride having risen to such a height that they had become intolerable. But when they perceived that the Dutch offered so little resistance to the French; or rather that they made

1672. no stand whatever, that their principal towns had been taken, that they were in fact on the verge of ruin, all awakened to the wisdom of coming to their assistance.

1673. . The Emperor and the Elector of Brandenburg were the first to declare in their favour. With this object they united their forces and came to the rescue of the Dutch while they were sustaining further and continual losses.

This campaign passed without any very important occurrences, but in the following year the whole Empire came to the support of the Emperor, and each Prince, according to the custom, furnished him with troops, we contributing ours like the rest.

The Count of Waldeck was no longer our General, so His Highness chose a prince of Holstein to command us, and Chauvet was second in command with the grade of Lieutenant-General. The Army then proceeded to Alsace.

I did not accompany the main Army, but started three weeks later in command of three thousand men retained to serve as escort to His Highness who wished to follow the campaign. I had the honour of conducting him to the Army without any untoward encounter, and without giving cause for any complaint against us, or any occasion arising for us on our side to complain.

1674. The campaign opened when we reached

the Army. It was one of the most glorious 1674.
campaigns that Turenne, who commanded the French, ever conducted; not that our troops were lacking in anything that could be expected of the bravest and best-disciplined soldiers. They fully proved their worth in an engagement when they met the French close to Strasburg.

Turenne himself declared that if all the troops with whom he had to deal on that occasion had shown the same fighting powers as ours, he would undoubtedly have been defeated. We were, however, abandoned and had to sustain alone and unsupported the efforts of a far more numerous enemy, so that we could do no more than retreat without any considerable losses.

We soon, however, avenged this slight check. Receiving information that the Count de Bourlemont with five hundred men had been detached from the French Army on some enterprise, I and two other Colonels were ordered to try and capture him.

After arranging among ourselves the part each should take in the attack, and having separated accordingly, we marched from our several points under cover of a very dark night.

I had great trouble in taking my men up a height where the Count was encamped, and in enforcing absolute silence, upon which

1674. the success of our undertaking rested. Fortunately I succeeded, and was, moreover, the first to attack the enemy. True, I was very soon supported by one of my comrades, but the third never appeared in the action.

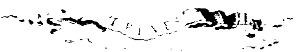
There was, however, more of glory than of peril in this engagement. The French being taken by surprise, did not offer a serious resistance, and realising that they were taken in front and rear without possibility of escape, they laid down their arms and surrendered at discretion. Whereupon we marched them, together with their chief, to His Highness's camp.

We did not continue the campaign very late and went into winter quarters in the country, so as to be able to reopen the next campaign the earlier. This plan was well-conceived, but we were not allowed to carry it out. Hardly had we settled into our quarters about the month of December, than the Marshal de Turenne fell upon us quite unexpectedly. After a very rapid and secret march, he beat our cavalry, drove us from our quarters and forced us to find other shelter in Swabia.

1675. The cause of our having to take this humiliating step, was that the Elector of Brandenburg, whose troops constituted the major portion of our army, was compelled to withdraw them in order to oppose the



ARMENTIÈRES IN THE 17TH CENTURY





TREVES, 1675

Swedes, who, at the instigation of France, had entered Pomerania, where they created great havoc, ravaging the country. 1675.

We consoled ourselves for this little reverse in our new quarters, whence we issued the following spring, under the leadership of His Highness and the Duke of Lorraine, to besiege Treves, which the French had taken two years before. No sooner had we invested the town than we heard that the Marshal de Crequy was approaching with about fifteen thousand men, the flower of the French army, to give us battle or to make us raise the siege. At a council of war held on receipt of this news, it was decided to save the Marshal a part of his journey and to meet him halfway.

We found the French army on a height two leagues from the town, in a position which it would have been very difficult for us to attack. But the Marshal, who held us in contempt, suffered us to approach as close as we liked, and we even crossed, within his sight, a small but fairly rapid river which lay between. He, however, thought better of it when he perceived that we were rendering ourselves masters of a convoy of supplies which he was sending down the Moselle to Treves, and ordered us to be attacked from all sides, never doubting that we would be easily routed.

1675. We had already crossed the river, but with so much precipitancy and so little order, that each one had taken up his own position before the General was able to give his commands. I was the first of the infantry to get across with my regiment, and had taken up an advantageous position; but our Generals, seeing the movements of the enemy who were preparing to charge, gave me the order to advance to the support of our cavalry, who had crossed first and were in the direct line of the French attack.

This precaution answered no purpose; the single French squadron that charged our cavalry broke it at the first shock, and threw it back upon me before I could take measures to avert any such accident.

All my subsequent efforts to hold our men and to check the French proved useless. My battalion was in a very narrow place, and being unable to extend so as to allow free passage to the fugitives, was thrown into complete disorder by our own men, who were entirely demoralised by fear, the French pressing close upon their heels.

I held my position, however, as long as I could. But being abandoned by my regiment, I received no less than eighteen wounds, and when I fell the troops passed over my body in pursuing the fugitives.

When all had passed on I endeavoured

to rise, but I doubt if I should have succeeded 1675.
without the timely aid of an officer of my regiment, who, not having fled like the others, received a wound in his arm, and happened to be near by. He gave me all the assistance of which he was capable, and just as we were wondering which way to turn, a mounted servant, whom my rescuer recognised as belonging to a captain in my regiment, came riding up. We hailed him and, helped by the officer, he placed me on his horse, and took me to a guard-house on the other side of the river.

I was so weakened by loss of blood that on arriving I fell from the horse ; but when some one had bound up my wounds as best he could with strips of my own shirt, and another brought me a bottle of wine which I nearly emptied, the weakness passed off. A moment later I felt so vigorous that it seemed as if I had not been hurt at all.

Two French prisoners were then brought in, and I had still sufficient strength to interrogate them as to the state of affairs, and to prevent our soldiers from stripping them quite naked, as they were endeavouring to do.

I was at first told that we had lost the battle, but a moment later came news that we had won it, and the last account proved the correct one. I was moved to as much gladness as my condition allowed, and upon

1675. hearing in detail how things had gone, I marvelled at the whimsicality of Dame Fortune, who turned my own particular misfortune to the general good.

As a matter of fact, the French, after putting our cavalry—and my battalion with it—to flight, thought there remained nothing more to be done, and engaged in pursuing the fugitives, without taking heed of being themselves surprised. But that is exactly what occurred; we took possession of their encampment before they were aware of it, and at the same time charged them from the rear. Our fugitives rallied and faced the enemy. The French found themselves surrounded by us, and dismayed at the loss of a victory which they had considered assured, did not offer a long resistance. A great number were killed, several officers of mark perished, and we took fourteen hundred prisoners.

The Marshal de Crequy, in despair at the loss of a battle to which his own presumptuousness had contributed, retired into Treves, resolved to be entombed there rather than surrender the city. But he did not find his garrison animated by the same heroic sentiments. Some of the officers, not wishing to perish by his obstinacy, represented to him that the place could not hold out, that they would to a certainty be overwhelmed, and that the

loss of their garrison would not in any way 1675.
accrue to the advantage of France. But the Marshal remaining firm in his resolve, they abandoned him and capitulated by themselves, so that he became a prisoner of war in our hands.

To return to matters concerning myself, from which I deviated to give a consecutive account of the success of the Battle of Treves, I was taken on the day after the Battle to a village near our camp, where my wounds were for the first time dressed, and found more serious than I had thought. All the surgeons of the Army who assembled round me next day to remove the first dressings and pass judgment on the state of my wounds, agreed that if no fever supervened I might recover, but that, whatever happened, my right hand would always be disabled. This verdict caused me much concern.

However, I made such good progress 1676.
that I soon found myself out of danger, and at the end of a month I felt strong enough to be carried to the Quarters of His Highness, who was desirous of returning to his States. I took leave of him and his General, who went with him, and then I stayed at Cologne for the period of my convalescence.

As soon as I was fit to travel I returned to Celle, where during the following winter

1676. I completely recovered my health, so that I was in a condition to serve in the next campaign. Instead of returning to the Rhine, we were to go to war against the Swedes, who were in alliance with France. We laid siege to Staden, neither a long siege nor a dangerous enterprise—but it lost me my good friend Molisson. This in itself was a profound grief to me, but his loss caused me a further and an unexpected injury.

He was a Brigadier when he fell, and I had reason to think that, being the senior Colonel in the service of His Highness, and having always done my duty on every occasion, I might without undue presumption aspire to fill his place. I took the necessary steps to make known my just expectations, but no notice whatever was taken of them.

Meanwhile the town of Staden capitulated, and I was ordered to occupy it. I flattered myself for some little time that I should be vested with the governorship of the place, but again my hopes were vain. The post was given to another, and I was ordered to go to Pomerania with the same rank I had previously held, under the command of a Major-General of whom I did not at all approve.

These mortifications, added to other disappointments, furnished me with food for reflection.

I realised that I was already well on in 1676.
years, covered with wounds, and yet without substantial material advancement, and without the prospect of obtaining such. All these considerations decided me to ask His Highness for my release.

Before taking this step, however, I communicated my intention to Chauvet, who was quite a good friend to me, and told him of all the reasons for my dissatisfaction in the service of His Highness. I begged him to speak to the Duke on my behalf; and so that he should not omit any particular, I gave him a written memorandum containing all my reasons, of which he was to make whatever use he liked to further my interests.

I am not aware if His Highness saw the document, or if Chauvet merely gave him an account of its contents, but at the expiration of a few days my orders were reversed. My Lieutenant-Colonel was sent to Pomerania with one battalion of the regiment and I went into garrison at Celle with the other.

At this time His Highness returned to 1677.
the Rhine to gratify the Allies, who desired his presence. Before leaving, however, he directed me to watch over the places he had conquered in the preceding campaign against the Swedes, and incidentally to prevent the Imperialists from taking up their quarters in Finland, as was actually their design.

1677. This latter duty was very embarrassing, and caused me much anxiety. His Highness in no way desired a rupture with the Imperialists, nor did he wish to concede them the quarters which they sought, because the Lower Circle had destined them for our own troops.

By good fortune I came out of this delicate situation agreeably to His Highness's wishes; but as I had to go myself to the place in question, and was forced to spend part of the winter there, I incurred considerable expenditure, which has never been reimbursed.

The inhabitants of Hamburg to whom I was of service on this occasion, far from manifesting any acknowledgment thereof, made me pay heavily for the forage which I drew from their city for my horses, and contented themselves with saying that they had indeed intended to make me a present, but that the Ministers of His Highness, to whom they had given very handsome ones, had said that with regard to me this might very well be dispensed with.

1678. Meanwhile His Highness returned to his States, and peace being concluded soon after at Nimeguen, the whole of Europe at last was able to enjoy the repose which it had sighed for so long, It was then that His Highness, desirous of rewarding the labours

and hardships I had endured in his service, 1678.
did me the honour to confer on me the office of High Baillif of the County of Gifhorn, with the rank of Brigadier.

Since then nothing of importance has happened in my life, the States of His Highness have enjoyed profound peace, and I was made a Major-General because my turn had come.

I am at this moment at home happy in the midst of my family, and more happy still that God has given me leisure to meditate upon Him in the retirement of my life. I render Him daily thanks for His mercies, and await with absolute resignation, without fear or desire, what it may please Providence to vouchsafe to me in the future.

FINIS

PART III

THE WARS: DETAIL AND CORROBORATION

PART III

THE WARS: DETAIL AND CORROBORATION

When we say that for the greater part of Melvill's life his own memoirs are our only authority, we do not mean that his story, as a story, is without corroboration. On the contrary, the more we look at the accounts of his contemporaries the more we find that Melvill was relating accurately his own modest share in the great events in which he took part. Those accounts, so plentiful for the seventeenth-century wars, not only bear Melvill out, but they supply detail and circumstance invaluable for the appreciation of his story, and for an insight into the character of the time.

The following have been chosen, not because they in any way constitute newly discovered authorities, but because, on the whole, they best supplement and corroborate Melvill's narrative.

CONTEMPORARY ACCOUNTS:

The Thirty Years' War.

1647, Dixmude, La Bassée, Lens.	Montglat.
1648, Ypres.	Gramont.

War between France and Spain.

1650, Guise, La Capelle.	Plessis Praslin.
1652, March of Lorraine.	Montpensier.
1654, Arras.	Turenne.

Civil War.	
1651, Worcester.	Clarendon.
Northern Wars.	
1657. Campaign in Poland.	Terlon.
1658. Crossing of the Ice.	Terlon.
Turkish War.	
1664. Canisia, Serin, St. Gothard.	Montecuculi.
Wars of Louis XIV.	
1674. Entsheim (Strasburg): St. Marie-aux-Mines.	St. Hilaire.
1675. Treves.	Temple.

CAMPAIGN OF 1647 IN FLANDERS

At the beginning of the year 1647 *the war in Flanders threatened to take a more decisive turn.*

Memoirs of Montglat, p. 63.

"The misfortunes which had befallen the Spaniards during the previous years touched them so deeply that they determined to play the rest of their cards and to make this year an extraordinary effort to drive the French from the heart of their country."

Two events occurred which were of great assistance to the enemies of France: Condé was sent to command in Catalonia, and Spain concluded a treaty with the Dutch, who since 1635 *had been the allies of France in the Netherlands.*

p. 66.

"This treaty was a great blow to France, for it brought together the hitherto divided Spanish forces. So that the Archduke Leopold on arriving at Brussels found the army stronger than in the previous years: and having no longer the Dutch to fight he turned all his forces against the French.

On the 11th of May he invested Armentières, which he attacked in four places, and mounted four batteries of ten pieces each with which he destroyed the palisades of the town. On the 18th, Cajac with a part of the regiment of Navarre armed with bills made a sortie from the demi-lune of the Capuchins and took a battery, which he held for some time, but was finally driven back into the town. On the 21st the Swiss, and on the 23rd Brézé, each made a sortie without success; but on the 24th, men chosen from all the regiments made a great sortie, which resulted in a very hot fight, after which these also were driven within the walls. On the 26th the besiegers having breached the new fortifications with their cannon made a general assault which was bravely received; but, powder failing, and the ramparts of the town being reduced to dust by the fire from the batteries, Le Plessis-Bellière, governor of the place, surrendered to the Archduke on condition that he and all those in command of a regiment should leave the town with swords at their side, and that all the rest should remain prisoners of war; which capitulation was executed on the 31st.

"Meanwhile the French army was camped at La Orgue where the Marshals de Gassion and de Rantzau, who commanded it, were on such bad terms with each other that things could not go well. These two were always of opposite opinions, and each did nothing but write to the court to decry the conduct of the other and to justify his own. Rantzau wrote with eloquence and precision, so that Cardinal Mazarin let himself be persuaded by his fair words. As for Gassion, he had not this elegance

of style: but while the other was occupied with argument he took horse and executed an enterprise. . . .

"Armentières taken, the Archduke, on the 3rd of June, sent to invest the castle of Commines, which was excellently defended by a captain of infantry, who after sustaining the siege for eight days, and after the castle had been forced, retired into the keep and then into a cellar before he surrendered. When the Archduke had somewhat refreshed his army he divided it into three bodies which he passed across the Scheldt over the three bridges of Cambrai, Bouchain, and Valenciennes and brought together before Landreçies on the 27th, which he invested on that day. The Archduke took up his quarters towards Marolles; the Count of Buqoy towards Le Quesnoy; Bec at Catillon; and Piccolomini at Faveril. The circumvallation was immediately begun and all the peasantry of Hainault hastened to help, so eager were they to drive out the French, who from that place levied contributions upon them as far as Mons. As soon as the Marshals had news of this they marched off to succour Landreçies, the Cardinal despatched from Amiens the whole Royal guard to reinforce the army, and all the youth at court took horse in order to be present at this event; so that the king was left alone with the officers of his staff and household.

"When all had joined, it was resolved as follows: The army was to march all night and make several false attacks. At daybreak, before the Spaniards would be able to discern which was the true one, we were to place 29 pieces of cannon on the height of Catillon overlooking their camp and, covered by

these, we were to fall upon their lines, which we hoped to force before they could assemble. Everything was favourable to this plan; but it being the Marshal de Rantzau's day to command he drank all night and would never march, however much Marshal de Gassion pressed him to do so; so much so, that being drunk and losing control of his senses he delayed the march by six hours. We therefore arrived too late before the lines, and the Spanish army being already drawn up received us with cannon-fire. Whereupon the Marshals, considering that it was no longer possible to relieve the town, retired without doing so, and separated their armies in order to make a diversion. Marshal Rantzau marched towards the sea, and having taken on his way the fort of Kenoke, arrived before Dixmude on the 11th of July. The next day he attacked it from all sides and mastered the outskirts. On the 13th he was about to make a general assault when the governor surrendered at discretion. The Baron de Nesle was killed there by a cannon shot and Clanleu was put in command of the town. Meanwhile Marshal Gassion, hearing that there were few men in La Bassée; invested it on the 12th and intrenched before it for three days. On the 15th he opened the approaches and pushed on the work with such vigour that on the 17th he was master of the counterscarp, where Roannète, brigadier-general, was dangerously wounded. As soon as he had crossed the ditch the governor, who had few men, asked for terms, which were readily granted. So that he left the town on the 19th, and on his own conditions, for the Marshal Gassion had heard

Melvill, p. 84.

that Landreçies was lost and that the Archduke was marching to the relief of La Bassée, the government of which was given to Roannète, who dying of his wounds it was given to Mauvissière. As for Landreçies, Hudicour had defended his outer lines well enough, but when he saw the miners fixed to his bastions he surrendered on the 18th before the place was breached. It was thought that he had money inside the town and that he negotiated early in order to save it. However, when on his way to St. Quentin he heard that orders were out for his arrest, so that he left his men and retraced his steps to take refuge with the monks of the Abbey of Marolles. These, though they received him kindly, immediately sent to inform the Spaniards, who seized and took him to Landreçies where he was put to ransom. As soon as this place was taken the Archduke marched to the relief of La Bassée, but he arrived too late. He thereupon resolved to attack the French in their entrenchments, but without success, for after a skirmish of two hours he was compelled to retreat.

"During this time the Marshal de Rantzau took and razed the forts of Muidam and Écluse between Dixmude and Nieuport; but on his way back he was attacked by the Marquis de Caracene on dykes surrounded by canals and watercourses, where a very hot fight took place; but after a great musketry fire both sides withdrew, the French to Dixmude and the Spaniards to Nieuport. Meanwhile Marshal de Gassion, seeing the Archduke in retreat, wished to seize the opportunity to make himself master of Lens, which blocked the communication between

Arras and La Bassée. He arrived before the town on the 11th of August in the evening. His first idea was to starve it out. In fact, he straightway forced the counterscarp and entered the demi-lune by escalade from which he clapped the miners to the walls. But having heard that the Archduke with his whole army was marching straight at him, he raised the siege and retired on the 13th to La Bassée." . . . *After a few minor skirmishes and a council of war with Rantzau,* "Gassion retook the road to Belle and recrossed the Lys at Éterre, where he detached Villequier on the 23rd September with 2000 horse to invest Lens. The whole army arrived there on the 24th and on that very day the approaches were opened. On the 26th two batteries began to bombard the town; on the following night we got a lodging on the counter-scarp, where the Count de Feuillade, brigadier-general, received a musket-ball in the back of his head of which he died a few days later. The same day Piccolomini with a part of the Archduke's army advanced towards Pont Avendin and carried it, having driven from the entrance of the marsh the English of *Prince Rupert,** who, having come to

Melvill, p. 84.

* "*From thence they went to Arras, whither Piccolomini came to view their quarters, his army being near, and it was upon a dyke. The Prince spied their troops, and* Gassion *left his horse at a small redoubt they had made, with 25 horse, which put a Dutch officer there into some admiration. The enemey's horse came down to charge the Prince, but he re-pulsed them again and again, and so made his retreat. Gassion desiring him to stay as long as he could there, the Prince sent him word 'that it was not his day to command,' and so came his way resenting, as well became him, this illusage of Gassion. . . .*"

Memoirs of Prince Rupert, **Eliot Warburton, III. p. 290.**

France with the Prince of Wales, was serving as brigadier-general in this army. Hearing this, Marshal de Gassion sent Villequier to his support, who drove out the Spaniards and retook the post. On the 28th the demi-lune was taken but at a great cost, for the Marshal de Gassion received a musket-charge in the ear of which he died at Arras a short time after. We then began the filling up of the ditch of which the Spaniards did not await the completion, for they surrendered on the 3rd October and marched out without arms. Thus we took a cockle-shell and lost a great captain."

The Siege of Ypres, 1648

The year 1647 had been a year of minor successes for France. Her two marshals, operating for the most part independently, had gained ground, but at two separate points, the one on the coast, the other south of the Lys.

Memoirs of the Marshal de Gramont.

"The Cardinal Mazarin, judging that he ought to strike a blow at his enemies in Flanders at a point so vital that it would produce an effect more advantageous than those of the previous years, decided with the Prince de Condé, to whom the King had given the supreme command of his armies, and with the Marshal de Gramont, who was to be second in command, to connect the conquests of the river Lys to those of the sea.

"Ypres was the only town which, intervening, could either afford or prevent this connection. We therefore resolved to attack it."

"The march of the army gave rise to extreme

difficulties, because it had to proceed from La Melvill, Bassée to Ypres by a single road flanked on either p. 86; side by canals, and which therefore might be called a continuous defile. Moreover, in the course of this march we had to cross the river at Éterre, and so expose our flank to the enemy, who held the passages of the Lys at Armentières and Menin, and who had therefore the choice of attacking our advance guard or rearguard as it suited them best. And this with the added advantage of finding them separated by the immense quantity of baggage, heavy cannon, and pontoons which we were obliged to take with us and which we had to cross by the same bridge. The operation would have been impossible had not the enemy during the whole course of this war, through some fatality or aberration of mind, invariably allowed themselves to be forestalled in putting their armies into the field. This indeed was the one and only reason of the advantages we gained over them.

"The Marshal de Rantzau having a considerable body of troops towards the coast, and the Count de Palluau a strong garrison in Cambrai, it was planned that the latter on his side, and the Marshal de Rantzau on that of Furnes, should invest the place in such a manner as to intercept any small reliefs sent into it by the enemy; who never suspecting such a great enterprise would allow the main army to take up its position and entrench before they could concentrate to oppose it. Nothing was left undone by the court which could contribute to the success of this great plan, either as regards the number of troops, or as regards munitions of war or

of mouth, of which large stores had been formed at Arras and Dunkirk. . . .

"The Marshal de Gramont left Paris at the end of February. . . .

"Soon after, the Prince de Condé arrived at Arras; . . .

"The army assembled on the 8th of May and passed the river Somme. The Prince de Condé came and encamped at Clery and the Marshal de Gramont at Molins, both a league from Peronne. . . . On the 9th the Prince de Condé arrived at Logette close to Arras, and the Marshal de Gramont arrived at Vivières. On the 10th we crossed the Scarpe by two bridges above Arras, where we took rations for six days; and we camped at Souches and Lievin on the Rivulet of Lens. The army was divided into two corps of which the Prince de Condé took the first and the Marshal de Gramont the second, and between which we put all the baggage, heavy cannon, provisions, pontoons, and ammunition; and in this order we crossed the river at Éterre.

The Marshal de Gramont during this long passage had remained drawn up between La Bassée and Éterre, having sent a party of 2000 horse towards Armentières to persuade the enemy that we were going to invest that place. As soon as he knew that the whole force had crossed the river, he informed the Prince de Condé, who was posted not far from Armentières; and, so as to ease and shorten the march he sent all the baggage and cannon by another route on the left, whose conduct he gave to the Sieur Arnault, and did not himself move from

before Armentières until he had learnt that the baggage had safely arrived, and that the Prince de Condé with the advance guard had joined the Marshal de Rantzau and the Count de Palluau, both of whom had arrived punctually on the day named before Ypres.

"Everything being thus disposed Marshal de Gramont marched towards Ypres and the town was invested on the 13th of the month. We divided the quarters in the following manner: the Prince de Condé held the routes from Menin and Comines; the Marshal de Gramont those of Armentières and Varneton; the Marshal de Rantzau those of Aire and St. Omer, with the guard of the posts on the Furnes canal for facilitating the convoys; and the Count of Palluau the approaches from Bruges and Dixmude. We worked straightway at the circumvallation which although 5 or 6 leagues long was complete on the 19th; but, as can well be imagined, such a great work could not be perfect in so short a time. . . . That very evening we opened our approaches in two places, not far from one another; the front on which we were attacking was wide, the ditch very broad and full of water, and a very fine counterscarp well palisaded. The French Guard, who had charge of the two approaches, pushed their work to within 200 paces of the apex of the counterscarp.

"On the 9th day of our approach the Poles at the attack of the Marshal de Gramont swam across the ditch of the demi-lune; and after having destroyed the palisades with their hatchets, they entered it, and having killed all inside, made a very good

lodgement on the point. This action took place in broad daylight and was one of the bravest I have ever witnessed. The mine was then fixed to the demi-lune from on the Prince de Condé's side, after which the enemy beat the surrender, having put up a very poor defence. The man they sent to make the capitulation was a lieutenant-colonel of Walloons, the most ridiculous person imaginable. He kept assuring us with great emphasis that the soldiers and officers had ardently longed to surrender, but that the wretched townspeople had not shared these sentiments and had one and all insisted upon a defence to the last; but that finally the whole garrison by their entreaties had won them over. This comedy performed, we granted the ordinary terms to the Count de la Moterie, governor of the place. . . . The following morning at ten the garrison marched out to the number of 1200 foot without counting the sick and wounded, and 350 horse.

"We began and finished the siege of Ypres in the presence of the enemy, who during the whole time we were engaged upon it were always before our lines threatening to attack some part. But after sundry fruitless attempts they went to besiege Courtrai. This was an enterprise in which they succeeded against every reason of war. . . .

"Ypres taken, and the garrison established with the Count de Palluau in command, the Marshal de Rantzau revived a proposition which he had already made to the court: it looked magnificent on paper, but it was the most chimerical to carry out. This was an enterprise on Ostende."

SIEGE OF GUISE, 1650

Since the peace of Westphalia, which had not put an end to the conflict between France and Spain, the fortunes of the former had steadily declined. The year 1650 was most critical for the Crown of France. Her two great generals were both at this moment hostile to the court: Condé in prison, Turenne at the head of a Spanish force. The armies of Spain were assembled on her northern frontier ready to enter the kingdom in concert with the rebels of the Fronde.

"Since the beginning of the war between the two crowns the enemy had never been so strong as they were this year, 1650; and when they saw the French troops still scattered they determined not to allow their commander, who had never before served on this frontier, time to collect himself. **Memoirs of Marshal du Plessis.**

"The Spanish generals forthwith conceived the idea of besieging Guise. With this object they approached the town, but having learnt that the Marquis d'Hocquincourt had entered it with a considerable force of cavalry and infantry, they contented themselves with showing their powerful army before the place, and after some skirmishing with the troops of the Marquis d'Hocquincourt, they crossed the river Oise at the abbey of Origny. The Marshal du Plessis in his anxiety for all the big towns had not omitted to garrison St. Quentin, so that the Spaniards did not fix upon it, but upon Le Catelet, which they took in three days.

"The Marshal du Plessis not wishing to retain any longer in Guise the large force he had put into it, so as not to consume in a short time provisions

capable of lasting the garrison for the whole of a siege, withdrew the Marquis d'Hocquincourt, leaving Brideau, governor of the place, the choice of whatever troops he thought necessary for sustaining a vigorous defence. Having done so he very soon found need of them, because the enemy besieged him as soon as they had taken Le Catelet. Whereupon the Marshal du Plessis set about the means to relieve this important place. . . . The army of the king leaving Trammecy near La Fère found itself in one march within sight of the enemy close to Vadencourt. Our speed had been good, having done seven leagues, always in battle. The enemy, who did not think we had yet assembled, were surprised to see us so close. The Marshal du Plessis on leaving La Fère had conceived the idea of intercepting the enemy's supplies. Should he succeed in this he would not be forced to hazard the King's troops in an attack on the enemy lines, a very undesirable course in view of his great inferiority in numbers.

"For this purpose he consulted all those acquainted with the country, and was particularly impressed with the suggestions of the Abbé of Migneux who, zealous in the service of the king, had come to the army to serve in whatever capacity he could. As he was very well acquainted with the people of the country, the Marshal placed him in command of them. He had them armed and posted upon all the narrow passages and in the woods through which the enemy's provisions would be bound to pass. He ordered them also to make a great abattis of trees. He impressed upon them, as also upon the soldiers distributed among them

under Bougi (lieutenant-general), to keep the strictest watch and incessantly to beset these narrow places lest the enemy should slip through. . . . Meanwhile Cardinal Mazarini, who had come to St. Quentin and the next day on to the army, pressed the Marshal to give his opinion on the relief of Guise, because the King wished to march into Guienne and must know before proceeding thither the outcome of this siege; the fate of which being of the utmost consequence. Several councils were held."

Some were for an immediate attack upon the lines. Du Plessis was for holding on and for relying on the interception of the big convoy which we knew was on its way to the enemy.

"On the following day the great convoy of supplies and munitions passed within sight of La Capelle escorted by one thousand two hundred horse, who well knew that we had barely two hundred composed of the companies of the Cardinal's light horse commanded by their cornet Gonterey, of that of the Marshal du Plessis commanded by their lieutenant Parpinville, of that of Roquespine, governor of La Capelle, and of some others; who, having seen this convoy pass made such a timely and vigorous charge in its tail, that this little body of men beat the escort and dispersed all the supplies for the support and munitionment of the besiegers. Melvill, p. 115.

This caused the enemy such consternation and reduced them to such want that after having awaited for some days the arrival of another convoy from another quarter, which was also happily defeated by our above-mentioned precautions, and seeing that the mine they had sprung beneath the castle

resolution to provide in the best manner to meet and expect Cromwell there; and the hope that he might be delayed by other diversions; and there was like to be time enough to cast up such works upon the hill before the town as might keep the enemy at a distance, and their own quarters from being suddenly straightened: all of which were recommended to General Lesley to take care of and to take such a perfect view of the ground that no advantage might be lost when the time required it.

At Wigan on Aug. 25. Melvill, p. 125.

"The first ill-omen that happened was the news of the defeat of the Earl of Derby, and the total destruction of those gallant persons who accompanied him."

"The Earl of Derby, after his horse had been killed under him, made a shift to mount again; and so, with a small party of horse, through many difficulties and dangers, escaped wounded to the King at Worcester."

"When the news of this defeat came to Worcester as it did even almost as soon as the King came thither, it exceedingly afflicted his Majesty and abated much of the hope he had of a general rising of the people on his behalf. His army was very little increased by the access of any English. . . ."

"There was no good understanding between the officers of the Army: David Lesley appeared dispirited and confounded; gave and revoked his orders, and sometimes contradicted them. He did not love Middleton, and was very jealous that the

officers loved him too well; who was indeed an excellent officer, and kept up the spirits of the rest, who had no esteem for Lesley. In this very unhappy distemper was the court and the army, in a season when they were ready to be swallowed by the power and multitude of the enemy. . . .

"The King had been several days in Worcester, when Cromwell was known to be within less than half a day's march, with the addition of very many regiments of horse and foot to those which he had brought with him from Scotland; and many other regiments were drawing towards him of the militia of the several counties under the command of the principal gentlemen of their party in the countries: so that he was already very much superior if not double in number to the Army the King had with him. However, if those rules had been observed, those works cast up, and that order in quartering their men, as were resolved upon when the King came thither, there must have been a good defence made, and the advantages of the ground, the river, and the city would have preserved them from being presently overrun. But alas! the Army was in amazement and confusion. Cromwell, without troubling himself about the formality of a siege, marched swiftly as on to a prey, and possessed the hill and all other places of advantage with very little opposition.

"It was upon the 3rd of September when the King, having been upon his horse most part of the night, and having taken a full view of the Army, and everybody being upon the post they were appointed, and the enemy making such a stand, that it was

Melvill, p. 126.

and Condé ("M. le Prince") led the rebels. The army of the latter was besieged in Estampes and like to be lost. D'Orleans implored his errant brother-in-law, the Duke of Lorraine, to come to his aid.

The Memoirs of Mlle. de Montpensier.

"Since Monsieur had declared himself for the cause he had several times sent to M. de Lorraine, who always gave us hopes of his coming, but never came; M. le Prince also sent to him. At last M. the Count de Fiesque arrived to say that he was really coming: it was, however, entirely out of consideration for the Spaniards and not in the least for Monsieur or M. le Prince. One morning (when we had not even heard that he was on the road) news came that M. le Duc was at Dammartin, which is only eight leagues from Paris. Immediately His Royal Highness and M. le Prince took horse to go and meet him: because it was not supposed that he would come into Paris that same day. I sent a gentleman to offer him my house at Bois le Vicomte, which is half way between Dammartin and Paris; at the same time Monsieur sent to tell Madame. Monsieur and M. le Prince found him this side of Mesnil, and as soon as he saw them he resolved to come with them into Paris; at the same time Monsieur sent to tell Madame, who gave me the news. I was at the *cours* and hastened to the Luxemburg; he arrived late. In entering Madame's room he came straight to salute me; but I drew back, not thinking it proper that he should commence with me. He began to jest with her on all that had passed since they had last met, and then with me; later he became serious, and

paid me many compliments and spoke of the veneration the Spaniards had for me on account of the affair at Orleans; in short, this conversation was more in my praise than upon any other theme. I found him extraordinarily agreeable, which is not surprising, as he thoroughly understands the art of praise; but indeed he is equally so on all topics. As it was very late I withdrew; he led me to my coach, and, after I had got in, came half way down the Tournon road with his hand on the door and wished to come as far as my house. I was very embarrassed with this civility; at length he went away. The next day he came to visit me: I was in the octave of the holy communion and was about to take the benediction as he arrived; he came with me, and then on to the *cours*: he found M. de Frontenac very much to his taste. Monsieur sent to find us at the 'cours' with the message that he awaited us with M. le Prince at my house. We immediately went there; M. le Prince told me that he was much troubled with M. de Lorraine, because he made his troops do but two leagues a day, which did not show any great haste to succour Estampes; that M. de Lorraine had long conferences with the friends of the Cardinal de Retz,* with M. de Melvill, p. 140.

* The Cardinal de Retz.

Jean-François-Paul de Gondi (Cardinal de Retz) was, like his opponent Mazarin, of Italian extraction. A friend and admirer of Montrose, he extended his predilection to the whole nation. When, therefore, the events of the Fronde and his own intrigues put his life in danger, it was to the Scots that he had recourse for personal protection. Michel, "Les Ecossois en France," p. 299.

"I retired into my cloister of Notre Dame where I did not so far abandon myself to the Divine will as to omit all De Retz Memoirs, p. 257.

Chevreuse and M. de Chateauneuf, and that this did not at all please him. On the other hand, Madame desired nothing so much as to see Monsieur separated from the interests of M. le Prince. Thus all things caused him considerable anxiety, and although he knew that M. de Lorraine had promised the Spaniards to succour Estampes, nevertheless he feared that he would fail through delay, and was quite sure that he would find sufficient pretexts to excuse himself to the Spaniards. The Duke remained in Paris six days, during which he came with me to the *cours* diverting me much and evading the conferences with Monsieur and M. le Prince for fear of engaging himself to some course of action. I found myself on one occasion with Monsieur and Madame and the Duke; both pressed him for news of Estampes, but no one was as good as he at doing nothing and yet making people believe in his good intentions. When pressed for an answer he began

human measures of precaution." *The chief of these measures was the formation of a body of troops the nucleus of which consisted of* "Balantin and the Count of Craffort with sixty Scottish officers who had been of the troops of Montross."

De Retz Memoirs, p. 257.

And when the Cardinal issued from his cloister-fortress he tells us that "he always went about the streets with five or six carriages full of gentlemen with muskets."

Melvill was not the only member of this guard who eventually found his way into the serice of Lüneburg.

Memoires du Chevalier de Gourville, p. 329.

"I spent all my winters at Brussels in the same house. In the spring (1663) the Duke of Hannover, since Duke of Zelle, came to stay. In his suite were two Frenchmen who had been with the Cardinal de Retz called M. de Villiers and M. de Beauregard."

Sichart, Geschicte der Han. Armée.

Both of these afterwards commanded Lüneburg regiments against France.

to sing and dance in a way that made one laugh in spite of oneself. If one had not known him for a very able man one would have taken him for a lunatic. Monsieur once sent for the Cardinal de Retz to talk of affairs with him and M. de Lorraine. But he said 'With priests one must pray; give me a chaplet; they must not meddle with anything but prayer and making others pray.' A moment later Madame and Mesdames de Chevreuse and de Montbazon came and also wanted to speak to him. He took up a guitar: 'Let us dance, ladies; it becomes you better than talking of affairs.'

"As it was known that there was a shortage of powder in Estampes we decided to send into it the Count d'Escars, who was senior captain of the regiment of cavalry of Monsieur. He offered to pass in this convoy of powder, which he did most successfully. It was a very fine action, very perilous, and very advantageous to the cause; moreover, he is a very brave and good officer. Our men made strong sorties every day, in which all the officers of cavalry joined. The Marquis de La Londe was killed in one, who was senior lieutenant in the gendarmes of his Royal Highness; Diolet, captain of his regiment of cavalry, was also killed. Upon the death of the Marquis de La Londe, Santorin, captain of infantry in the regiment of his Royal Highness, came to Paris to ask for the colours of the company. He was induced to give M. de Lorraine an account of the general state of affairs. He said that in a short time the army would proceed to Estampes by day and night marches, whereupon M. le Duc exclaimed, 'What, does one march at

night in this country?' Santorin was astonished to hear him speak in this style, but in the end he was sent to assure the garrison that the Duke would certainly come to its relief, and to give them greater assurance the latter sent one of his officers with him.

"When his troops had arrived at Villeneuve St. Georges we went to see them in the hopes of getting them to cross the Seine, the bridge for which had been built. They took me with them. The guard at the bridge-head told us that His Highness was not there, and showed us the direction in which he had gone. We found him quite alone. He told us that he had just driven off an enemy force; but in fact he had just been negotiating with an emissary of the Cardinal Mazarin. Thereupon he threw himself on the ground saying, 'I am dying, I must have myself bled: but as I knew you were bringing ladies, I tried to capture a courier carrying letters, so as to have something to amuse you with; for what will ladies do, with the army?'

"After M. de Lorraine had lain for some time on the ground telling us story after story, Monsieur got him to mount, and they went into a little wood, where they held a council of war, in which Monsieur de Lorraine promised them positively to pass his troops across the river. While they had been talking of affairs I had crossed the bridge and gone to see his troops, which were all in battle. His cavalry was very fine, but his infantry by no means as good; there were some Irish among them, who as a rule make neither smart nor useful troops; their pipes are the only commendable thing about them. When we had seen them all, he passed three or four

regiments of cavalry across the river, who crossed back as soon as we had left. He remained another five or six days in that position: and all the merchants of Paris went there to sell their goods, and there was almost a fair in the camp; the ladies of Paris also went there every day. M. de Lorraine came in secret to Paris from time to time, so that one could not find him. He saw Madame de Chatillon whom he found very beautiful; it would have been very easy for her to add this conquest to her list; at least so it was thought at the time. One day, after having been visited by the King of England, he sent word to us that he was hard pressed, would be obliged to give battle, and that we must send help. This broke up our gaieties, for we were going to dance when that news arrived. M. le Prince went to change his clothes and get to horse to join the cavalry; for M. de Lorraine had sent orders to Estampes that as soon as the enemy struck camp the garrison was to come out and join him. So that M. le Prince found our troops towards Essone, and they remained there the rest of the night. M. de Beaufort left at the same time to take to M. de Lorraine whatever troops we had here, which were not considerable, being nothing but recruits. As soon as he arrived the Duke said he was so hard pressed he could not remain in his position; that the siege of Estampes being raised, which was the sole object of his journey, he had treated with M. de Turenne and had obtained a free pass for himself and his army. He had the men which M. de Beaufort had brought with him escorted to the gates of Paris, and himself marched back to the frontier.

I was told this news on awaking, which caused me much surprise and wrath on account of the difficulties in which it might place us; though as regards my own private interest I was not sorry. . . . All Paris was terribly enraged with the Lorrainers: no one dared to admit that he was of that nation for fear of being drowned; they were no less bitter against the King and Queen of England, who were thought to have made the negotiation between the court and the Duke of Lorraine. They were shut up in the Louvre without daring to go out, the people shouting, 'They want to make us as miserable as themselves, and to do all they can to ruin us, as they have ruined England.'"

THE RELIEF OF ARRAS, 1654

By the year 1654 *France had emerged from the crisis of the Fronde. The power of the Crown was unshaken, and Mazarin directed its policy. But the Spanish armies were still undefeated, and the presence among them of Condé made certain that they would not long remain inactive.*

Memoirs of Turenne.

"The winter passed without anything considerable happening at court, complete authority remaining always in the hands of Cardinal Mazarin. In the spring the king went to have himself consecrated at Rheims. . . . There was no sign that the enemy would undertake such a considerable enterprise as the siege of Arras."

"When the royal army approached La Fère news came from M. de Montejeu, governor of Arras,

that he was invested, of which we had had no previous warning. Such a thing is quite likely to occur in Flanders, where the field is so restricted and the towns so close to one another that the governors do not know which is going to be attacked, since the armies threaten many at the same time. The Governor of Arras had a reserve of one hundred horse within the place, and all the rest of his cavalry, composed of a flying column of five hundred horse under M. de Bar, was on the river Oise near Dourlens with orders to cover Arras, Bethune and La Bassée. He had put his infantry into the two last-named as being the furthest off and the most difficult to succour in case of a siege. We, as well as the governor of Arras himself, thought that there would always be time enough to throw troops into the place before its investment, because the country is flat and the distance not great; but he was invested so suddenly that he could not do so for the first two or three days. But having sent M. d'Ecancour with four hundred horse and M. de St. Lieu with almost the same number by different routes and with a day's interval between them, both entered the place with much dash, having cut through two lines of the enemy's cavalry. Fully half their men were taken or compelled to return, but the other half got in. M. de Turenne also detached from his army Melvill,
the Chevalier de Crequi with five hundred horse p. 151.
from his own regiment, that of de Bouillon, and some picked troops, who having made a wide circuit, and having found a gap in the enemy's lines, entered it and although charged by the enemy's cavalry, got into the place with two hundred and fifty horse

leaving many of his men prisoners in the enemy's camp; while his last troop, commanded by a colonel, lost its way in the dark and was unable to follow him.

. "When we knew that this reinforcement of cavalry had entered Arras we were for some time in doubt as to whether the enemy would continue the siege. But we soon learnt that he was working hard at his lines, and that this succour had only retarded the opening of the approaches by a few days. Meanwhile the Royal army advanced towards Peronne. . . . The Royal army numbered no more than fourteen or fifteen thousand men: that of the enemy over twenty-five thousand. M. de Turenne, on account of his inferiority in number and want of equipage, artillery, and provisions, never intended to undertake anything beyond the relief of Arras; well knowing that it was impossible to undertake a siege of equal importance, and realising that to undertake a small one would be to lose Arras and to have nothing to counterbalance its loss. Knowing also that this cavalry had entered Arras, he thought that the enemy would find such difficulties in the siege that if he himself had sufficient supplies and always kept close to their camp, he would find some opportunity to force their lines. On this point he was not in agreement with the majority, who wished to let the French troops attack on arrival: for he thought that it would not be difficult to make them listen to reason in this matter, and that once persuaded that they were being properly led they would have the same patience as the troops of other nations.

"After two days' march we arrived within sight of the enemy's camp. The army, the advance guard of which was commanded by M. le maréchal de la Ferté and M. de Turenne in turn, reached a height called Monchi-le-Preux. The enemy had some cavalry posted upon it, and one would have supposed that their army would have taken up a position behind it, so as to prevent ours from passing the defile; it was, however, so far from the place that we concluded that it would not do so.

"It has been said that M. le Prince wished to, but that the Spaniards would not agree. When their troops saw that we had thrown several bridges across this stream they retired into their camp, after some skirmishing, and the Royal army, having advanced on to the height, began to fortify itself upon it, which was done during the remainder of the day and the following night.

"The right wing of our camp rested on the Escarpe, over which we immediately threw bridges to communicate with La Bassée, so as to intercept the provisions from Douay. So that the whole width of the camp was contained between the Escarpe and a little stream which flows down to Arleux. With cavalry we held so far as we could the road from Cambrai and Douay to Arras, and as these places were on the flat we succeeded with regard to carts, but not with regard to horsemen, who brought in munitions of war on their cruppers. We also sent word to the Comte Broglie, governor of La Bassée, to come and post himself at Lens with fifteen hundred or two thousand men of the garrison: and by this means we intercepted the provisions

from Douay and Lisle. There remained but the side towards St. Paul by which the enemy could keep open his communications with Aire and St. Omer. On the very evening we arrived with the army at Monchi-le-Preux we wrote to the governor of Hedin to throw men into St. Paul. Had that been done the siege of Arras would assuredly have been raised without our having to attack the lines; but either through private interests or from the weakness of his garrison he did not do so. . . . But the side of St. Paul remained free to them, whence they drew many commodities.

"Some time passed with things in this condition: the enemy finding great difficulty in the siege both from the resistance of those within and from the army of the King which remained camped the whole time in the position I have indicated. When we heard that our troops from Stenay had arrived within three leagues of the enemy's camp our first intention was to post them at a place called Rivière, which was opposite the quarters of M. le Prince, and at two hours' march from the enemy's lines. They were to entrench there and await the day of the attack. Whereupon we heard that the enemy were expecting a great convoy from St. Paul, and that troops had left the camp to meet it. We immediately resolved not to stop at Rivière, but to march round the enemy's camp and to post ourselves between it and St. Paul. When we reached our position we heard that the troops from the camp had returned, but that the convoy was still close to St. Paul. That night we lay at Aubigni, which is three hours' march from Arras, and the next day

we marched on St. Paul, which we took on arrival. Having learnt that the enemy were awaiting an escort of three thousand men to bring in the convoy, and that the siege was going slowly for want of the munitions of war which this convoy was bringing, we determined to make every effort for its capture; for it was a matter of such importance to the enemy that had none of that convoy reached them they would have raised the siege.

"After the capture of St. Paul, M. de Turenne joined this cavalry to the troops of M. d'Oquincourt, and took up his position on Cæsar's camp. We fought for a whole day at the Abbey of St. Eloi, where the enemy had five hundred men who surrendered at discretion. This place was only a short hour's march from the enemy's camp.

"Mont St. Eloi taken, the Maréchal d'Oquincourt 20 Aug. began to entrench on Cæsar's camp, and M. de Turenne returned to the army. His course lay all along the enemy's lines for more than two hours' march; and M. de Castelnau went quite close up to them to reconnoitre. The cavalry marched the whole way within range of the three-pounder cannon, but only skirmishers came out. We saw that all that part of the line which were the quarters of Don Fernando Solis was considerably depleted of men, and certainly this march close to the lines gave us much information both for the attack itself and for the route to take. When M. de Turenne arrived at the camp, he sent word to M. le Maréchal de la Ferté that the enemy's cavalry, which was to meet the convoy, was taking the road to Douay, and that probably they would try that night to

enter the lines. He gave all the necessary orders to prevent them doing so, making the cavalry remain mounted. However, through the fault of a subordinate officer who commanded a small cavalry picket and who did not inform us, M. de Bouteville who commanded this cavalry, bearing powder and grenades, entered the enemy's lines. Upon this news it was decided to attack on the following day, and after ample consideration it was determined to make a frontal attack with our whole force during the night. . . .

"We marched therefore at nightfall, M. de Turenne being in command of the advance guard. Having passed the Escarpe below the quarters of M. le Maréchal de la Ferté, who had thrown a number of bridges across it, we took the route we had followed in coming back from St. Eloi. We were well informed about the state of the enemy's lines. They had all round a concealed ditch five or six feet deep and eight or nine feet wide. Between this ditch and that of the lines there was a space of four or five paces full of round holes, which they call wells, four or five feet deep and about one foot in diameter. After these there were the lines themselves, which were of the usual kind with a ditch of seven or eight feet in depth and a parapet of the ordinary height. They had placed among these holes a kind of small palisade, only one and a half feet high to hinder the horses.

"It was decided to make the attack with the infantry in two lines, and we had attached to each battalion of the first line four or five squadrons of horse who were to carry fascines and hurdles to

put over the holes. The cavalry also carried tools. Having marched to within a short league of the lines which took us more than two hours, and there remaining but a bare two hours before dawn, the army of M. de Turenne formed up, and that of M. le Maréchal de La Ferté did the same on its right. We then marched straight upon the lines. M. le Maréchal d'Oquincourt also moved up to Mont St. Eloi in order to attack the same point. We approached to within two hundred paces of the enemy's line without giving the alarm, and so the two hundred men who were at the head of each battalion of the first line reached the first ditch. They were met with a very light discharge ; nevertheless had not the battalions themselves immediately come up to their support, these picked troops would have been repulsed. We found practically no resistance, but the men were so impressed with the difficulty of this enterprise that none but the officers and a few soldiers held on as far as the parapet, the remainder of the regiments staying below without daring to approach. Of the cavalry of M. de la Ferté a few regiments reached the last ditch, not a single one entering the lines at the point he was attacking. But as we had forced the line on their right they came round and entered by the gap we had made. We spent a full half-hour filling up the ditches. The cavalry behind the battalions dismounted and carried the hurdles and fascines. Meanwhile there was much noise of drums and trumpets behind the line, but very little fire. It was only because of the wide front on which we attacked that we carried the line at some points : indeed, wherever we met with any

resistance we were easily repulsed. . . . The Duke of York* was with the cavalry. . . . It was close on dawn when the openings in the line were made. Orders were then given that the cavalry, after having entered, should form its squadrons close up to the line under cover of the infantry, who were to remain drawn up. However, the exultation which seized the troops at finding themselves within the lines, the sight of the enemy's cavalry and infantry in retreat, and the hope of plunder, caused the whole army to rush headlong into the camp. The infantry to pillage, the cavalry to pursue some squadrons which fled upon the quarters of the Lorrainers.

"The army of M. le Maréchal d'Oquincourt having gone somewhat astray because of the darkness of the night, came up to the lines a short while after the main attack and carried them with very little difficulty. M. le Maréchal de La Ferté as soon as he saw a passage open entered it with his cavalry

* *For further and interesting details of this action, see "Memoires de Duc d'York."* (*Ramsay "Hist. de M. de Turenne,"* 1735), *whence the following*:—

"A man came and whispered into the ear of the Duke of York, who was upon the left of the attack, that M. de Turenne was wounded and that things were not going well on the right; whereupon, to encourage the infantry and to let them know that the cavalry was close at hand, the prince ordered the drummers and trumpeters of the squadrons which he led to beat and sound. This example was followed by the whole cavalry and greatly heartened the infantry. But his squadron and the one next to it suffered greatly thereby; for the enemy, who occupied a redoubt to the left, poured a very hot fire in the direction whence they had first heard the noise come, and the drummer of the squadron which the duke was leading was the first to fall.

and advanced with several squadrons, keeping along the inside of the lines to the right. Some officers and soldiers of the infantry followed him in great disorder.

"M. le Prince having traversed the Spanish quarters brought up his cavalry to the support of the lines and also a few of his infantry. But having seen the line carried and in so short a time, and his whole camp in such great disorder, the Archduke, so it is said, asked his advice, and he recommended a retirement. He himself charged M. le Maréchal de La Ferté, who was obliged to withdraw his squadrons. M. de Turenne saw that if the enemy should rally and return great confusion would ensue, and that should the cavalry which had advanced be compelled to retire, he would have to support them as best he could. He therefore collected some troops and passed into the line two pieces of twenty-four. It is certain that if M. le Prince had been able to bring up some regiments of foot with his cavalry, he would have compelled the whole Royal army to throw itself into Arras, so great was the confusion among it directly it had entered the lines. But as panic had completely seized his army, he could do no more than repulse the cavalry, and take many prisoners among the infantry, which as I have said followed it. Thus he gave time for a great part of the Spanish infantry to escape, some to Cambrai others to Douai. The cavalry lost very little. We took close on sixty pieces of cannon in the trenches or on the lines. I think that there were a full two or three thousand of the infantry killed or taken and all their baggage fell into our hands. In the King's

army there were several officers of the regiments killed or wounded, and three or four hundred soldiers. We lost some prisoners, among them officers of the guard. When M. le Prince withdrew the whole Royal army set to pillage the camp so that we could not pursue the enemy further than the end of the lines."

THE POLISH CAMPAIGN, 1657

The Polish campaign of 1657 was of personal rather than great military interest. Charles of Sweden had invaded Poland in 1655. He was soon joined by a large section of the Polish nobility, among whom was the Protestant Prince Radsivil. Ragotsky of Transylvania became his ally in 1657, of whom there is much to be found in the memoirs of Rycaut, and in those of de Terlon, ambassador of Louis XIV., who was present at all these events, and who relates them in great detail to his master. Brandenburg also contained a pro-Swedish party led by the Counts of Waldeck (patrons of Melvill), and this party prevailed in 1656 when the Elector was forced to become a highly involuntary adherent of the king of Sweden.

Memoires du Chevalier de Terlon.

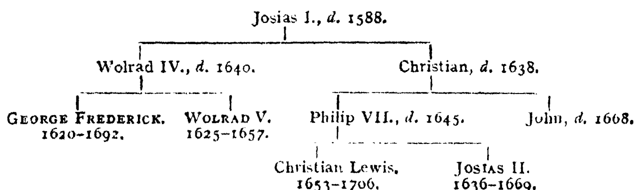
"Talking of the Court of this Elector I ought to tell your Majesty that the P. of Radzeville showed us much civility on many occasions, and. much respect to your Majesty as did also the Count of Waldeck (George Frederick), one of the leaders of his Council and General of his army, and held in great esteem by the prince. This count got into the bad graces of his master for having wished to support the Swedish to too great an extent, partly because he thought it was to the interest of the Elector and partly from his private inclination

towards the King of Sweden. His electoral Highness being persuaded by the party opposed to Count Waldeck, he fell into disgrace, and was obliged to leave the service of the Elector whom he had served very well in his negotiations with the King of Sweden and in the command of the troops he had joined to those of the King in the Polish war. . . ."

Melvill was closely connected with three members of the Waldeck family, two of whom left a deep imprint upon the history of seventeenth-century wars. His original patron was Count Wolrad V. whom he served faithfully until his death in January, 1657. *He then followed George Frederick, Wolrad's elder brother, and a far more notable man, into the service of the Swedes. George Frederick served through both Turkish wars* (1663–4 *and* 1683), *rose to be Prince of the Empire, and commanded the Dutch forces against France,* 1689–1690. *Josias, under whom Melvill served in the Hungarian campaign,* 1664, *belonged to a younger branch of the family. He became commander-in-chief of the Lüneburg army, led them against the Swedes at the siege of Bremen* (1666), *and was killed while commanding the German contingent at the siege of Crete,* 1669.

Melvill, p. 175. Hoffmeister, "Hist. Handbuch Grafen von Waldeck."

Melvill, p. 204.



De Terlon during this campaign, constituted

himself knight protector to the female prisoners of the Swedes, omitting to mention, however, that by so doing he appropriated to himself the ransoms which would otherwise have fallen to their captors. It was in this capacity that he encountered Melvill, to the latter's considerable annoyance. Terlon ("de Tercou" Melvill calls him) gives the following account of what is evidently the identical incident.

"During the return from Bretzié with the King of Sweden, I was marching one day by the side of the Army through a wood so as to avoid the excessive heat. I was in the company of the Baron Banier, a Swede, of General Coreski, a Pole, and a gentleman of the same nation, who belonged to the Prince Radzeville, and who accompanied the Army to protect the estates of his master. We saw some good-looking women and girls driving cattle that the Swedes were taking from Poland. We determined to save them, if we found out that they were gentle born. We therefore remained a little behind the Army, and going up to the Swedes who were escorting them, we made a closer inspection of those Poles, and having seen their hands we decided that they could not be of low condition. The General Coresky, and the gentleman of P. Radzeville, having each spoken to them, they found out that they were well-born. On this we felt compelled to take them from the Swedes. . . .

Melvill, p. 172.

"On arriving at quarters we heard that there were some more ladies and nuns, who had been taken by Swedish officers, and who were with the

regiments. The Count of Avaugour * and I sent to ask these officers to give up the ladies, which they did with a very good grace, so that with 15 or 16 other women, girls, and nuns that my men had saved, after having given them the best cheer we could, we sent them all in a coach and carts with a trumpeter and escort to a house of P. Radzeville."

THE CROSSING OF THE ICE, 1658

The rapid conquests of Charles Gustavus in Poland (1655–1656) *had aroused the jealousy of neighbouring states. The Elector of Brandenburg withdrew his troops; the Poles rose against the Swedish garrisons; and finally, in* 1657, *the Danes attacked him in the rear. Charles hastened back and quickly overran the mainland of Denmark. The Danes held, however, the command of the sea, and Charles could reach neither the heart of their country nor his own base. His position was desperate and he had recourse to a desperate remedy.*

"This Prince had for some time considered an attempt upon the Isle of Fünen by crossing the ice. The intense cold of the previous days seemed to give him his opportunity, and he determined to carry it out if the ice was strong enough to bear his army and his artillery with safety. He had sent before him the Grand Admiral Wrangel,† to collect

Memoires du Chevalier de Terlon, p. 137.

Melvill, p. 179.

* We meet the Count of Avaugour again at the defence of *Serinvar* (p. 59).

† Wrangel had been one of the favourite and most successful generals of Gustavus Adolphus. He was the right-hand man (as we have seen) of Charles X. In 1666 he undertook

the troops and hold them ready to march; who, having arrived on the 8th of the same month on the shore of the Little Belt, immediately passed over some squadrons of horse with 100 dragoons to seize the small peninsula called *Bogen*, which juts out into the middle of the Little Belt between the towns of Assens and Middlefar, whither this prince arrived the same day by sledge, having done me the honour to take me with him.

"The Admiral Wrangel, however, was told by those whom the King of Sweden had sent to test the ice that it was too weak, which was true enough, because he had seen with his own eyes some of his horsemen perish in the sea. Moreover the Danes, who were posted on the shores of that Isle, kept up an incessant fire with their artillery to break and weaken the ice. The Swedish Army was also much troubled by the cannon balls, which skimmed along the ice where it was smooth, and shot up where impeded by hillocks of ice and snow. He, therefore,

his last operation, the attempt upon Bremen, in which he was thwarted by the combined troops of the N. German Princes (Melvill served with the Lüneburg contingent) under Jos. Waldeck.

Bildt, "Christine de Suède et le Card. Azzolino," 1899, p. 257.

"Wrangel," *wrote the ex-Queen Christina from Hamburg* (*Nov.* 3, 1666), "is so broken by rage and sorrow that one would not know him. He who was so proud and aspiring, cannot bear his present humiliation; and it must indeed be a great grief, when he remembers having all Germany at his feet, now to find himself mastered by those who once tumbled at the mere mention of his name."

Memoires du C. de Guiche, II. p. 68.

But "This affair with Bremen" *marked not merely the decline of a great man but also of a great nation, for it* "showed the Swedes by their own testimony to the whole of Europe as a weak and incapable people."

advised the King of Sweden to withdraw and put off the attack till the morrow, in the hopes that the ice would be harder.

"Meanwhile the Prince encamped his army along the Little Belt, and sent out all night small patrols to sound the ice and find the safest place to cross. He awaited their reports with great impatience and anxiety, and indeed took no rest the whole night, until he was told at 2 o'clock in the morning by the returning patrols, and some peasants who came in, that it had frozen very hard in the night, and that it was possible to cross without danger on to the island of Fünen.

"I was in his room at the time and saw him give the order, on the spot, for the whole army to advance on to the peninsula occupied the previous day. He gave the orders of march: the cavalry were to lead their horses and march at good intervals. The cannon were also to proceed at equal distances so as not to break the ice by their great weight until the place where the current of the sea should be crossed, where naturally the ice was at its weakest. As soon as this part was crossed the army was to form battle to attack the enemy, who were visible along the whole length of the opposite shore. The King of Sweden went as far as that part by sledge, where he got to horse, which I did also, so as to be always near his person.

"He gave the right wing of his army to the Grand Admiral Wrangel, under whom were the Marquis of Baden and the Count Toot, major-general and commander of the cavalry. The King of Sweden took the left wing himself, and Count

Jacob de la Gardie commanded the infantry. But as this last was going too slow, both because the men were scattered so as not to break the ice, and because they indeed found great difficulty in marching at all, the King, seeing that his advance-guard had already crossed the place where the current flowed, which was the most dangerous, gave orders to Admiral Wrangel to advance with the right wing to the support of the advance-guard when it should attack the Danes who appeared in battle all along the shore, while he himself waited for the infantry, and made the left wing ready to follow him.

"The King of Sweden, not wishing to advance too quickly for fear that the Danes, seeing his whole army crossed on to the island, should seize the road which leads into Jutland and Holstein (where the island faces that way) by which road the King of Sweden had come, and where he had left the whole baggage of the army, so as to be less hampered on this expedition. Such a stroke, had the Danes been clever enough to make it, would have been of great advantage to themselves, and very hurtful to the Swedes; and they would indeed have been well-advised to make it since they saw clearly that they could not prevent the King of Sweden from occupying the island.

"The King of Sweden, seeing that the Danish troops scattered instead of coming to the charge, made the left wing march in haste, especially when he was told that the Grand Admiral Wrangel had defeated the Danes opposite him and captured their Colonel with all his officers. This obliged the King to double in order to reach the island where

he knew that the Colonel Jens, who commanded the Danish troops in the absence of General Guldenleu, who was very ill, had posted himself in a very advantageous position, being protected by hedges on one side and the sea on the other.

"Such being the situation of his enemies the King of Sweden divided his right wing and gave one part to the Grand Admiral Wrangel with orders to attack the Danes from the sea, while with the rest he himself was to pass the hedges. And because he surmised that the Colonel Jens, whom he knew for a man of as much prudence as courage, seeing himself too weak to resist would sustain but one charge so as to make an honourable retirement, he timed his measures to surround him so well that he could not escape.

"Having at last broken through the hedges he ordered the Marquis of Baden to begin the attack with three squadrons, which he did with such success that he at once broke four Danish squadrons, and the Grand Admiral Wrangel, who was on the right of the King of Sweden, attacked at the same time, and beat down all resistance on the other side. It is true that the ice having been broken in one place two companies of each side were engulfed in the sea and drowned. The King of Sweden lost in the same place his coach; and my *calèche* suffered the same fate.

The King of Sweden having witnessed this accident had reason to fear that the same might happen to himself and the whole of his army; but being an intrepid prince, although he knew his present danger, instead of going towards the land, which he could have done with safety, he kept on his left

the hole in the ice where the horsemen had perished, and went at the enemy who were posted on the sea on his right. Also for fear that the Danes should take advantage of this mishap to attack Admiral Wrangel in flank, the King sent the Count of Toot against them with a Swedish regiment, who in this encounter did all that a brave cavalier and excellent officer should.

"After all the Danish squadrons were broken, Admiral Wrangel himself went up to the Danish infantry who defended the position on the ice, where the artillery was mounted, shouting to them to lay down their arms. The Colonel Jens recognising him, and seeing that he was not in a position to resist, asked for quarter and surrendered. . . . Thus the whole Danish force was killed or taken prisoner, and not 200 saved themselves by flight.

THE HUNGARIAN CAMPAIGN, 1664

The unceasing disturbances in Transylvania had led, in 1661, *to war between the Empire and the Porte. For three years the Ottoman armies were generally successful, but they neglected to follow up their advantage. It was clear to all that the campaign of* 1664 *would be decisive.*

Memoirs of Montecuculi.

"The misfortunes of the preceding campaign made us no wiser in this. All the rules and principles of war were abandoned, and the most impossible plans put forward. There had come from the Empire a considerable number of auxiliary troops under Count Hohenlohe: military considerations

demanded that they should be posted close to the Danube, so as to be at hand and able to take the field with the rest as soon as the season should allow us to undertake some solid and advantageous enterprise. But instead of this, it was proposed to make a raid during the winter while the Ottoman troops were distant and separated, with the object, so it was said, of ruining the country and preventing the Turks from taking the field in the spring. . . .

"In spite of all the reasons that were adduced against it the project was not changed, but only the place of its execution. The troops of the Empire of which we have spoken were sent away from the Danube and put into winter quarters in Styria. A little later they were prepared for the enterprise, which had been resolved on, and having passed the Muer on the 20th January with several regiments of the Emperor and the Croats of the Count of Serin, they arrived on the 21st at Bresnitz, where they were joined by the frontier militia of Count Budiani, thus forming an army of about eight or nine thousand Germans and of fifteen or sixteen thousand Hungarians or Croatians, with twelve field pieces and one mortar. The evening of the 22nd they crossed the ditch by the ice, and in the places where that was broken by planks. On the 23rd the place surrendered, and on the 24th a garrison was put into it. The march was continued on the **Melvill,**
25th and on the 27th they passed within range of **p. 188.**
the cannon of Sighet and arrived on the 28th before Cinq-Eglises. That very night they took up the positions, and on the following morning assaulted the place by some openings which happened to be

left in its old walls half ruined and badly defended by the enemy, who forthwith retired into the castle. The Count of Hohenlohe remained with the infantry to attack it, while the Count of Serin with the cavalry marched to the bridge of Essek and having burnt and partly destroyed it he was back at Cinq-Eglises at the end of a week. It was said at the time that this bridge was eight hundred paces long and seventy-five feet wide, of marvellous construction, and that never could it be rebuilt: but that was only the hyperbole of lazy and inexperienced people. This bridge was, in fact, nothing more than a bed of beams and fascines which form a paving for a considerable length of this marshy route. This route is dry and firm during the heat of summer and during the frosts: but in time of rain the ground is soft. It is also intersected at intervals by deep ditches which all have to be bridged. One sees similar constructions in several parts of the March, in Pomerania, and elsewhere.

"Meanwhile, the castle of Cinq-Eglises held out and the besieged laughed at the vain efforts of the besiegers; at last on the 9th February the Counts of Serin and Hohenlohe, after several discussions, raised the siege and retired. They crossed to Segest, which surrendered without being invested, and on the 15th they found themselves again on the Muer and close to the fort of Serin, where the discussions between the chiefs continued. The armies separated, but were immediately rejoined upon a ridiculous supposition that it would be easy to take Canisia by blockade because the place was short of food, and because it could not be succoured owing to the

absence of the Grand Vizier, who had scattered his troops far apart; besides the fact that it was impossible for him to cross to it as we had destroyed the bridge of Essek. A foolish and inexperienced engineer thoroughly impressed this idea on the Count of Serin. . . .

"The troops, therefore, were assembled close to Canisia, those of the Emperor commanded by the Count of Strozzi, lieutenant brigadier general, the Hungarians and the Croats by Serin, and the troops of the Empire by Hohenlohe. These generals were to command on alternate days, and did not agree upon the distribution of the posts and approaches. They found the place on guard against surprises. It is situated in a marsh which made the approach very difficult: for if the material of which we built the approaches was solid and heavy it sank in; if it was light it would bear neither cannon nor arquebuses, nor even muskets. Also the fascines, of which we needed an enormous number, were few. Therefore instead of proper lines of approach, they merely constructed screens and planking, which it is true prevented the enemy from seeing us, but which did not protect us from their fire. We were exposed to it even in the trenches, where several officers were killed and others wounded, one in the foot, another in the leg, and many more in the upper part of the body. Wherefore, having learnt by experience that it would be impossible to succeed in this enterprise without a formal siege, the generals who commanded asked for a reinforcement of all the things necessary so as not to be compelled to abandon the undertaking. They were granted

what they asked, and were furnished as far as possible with troops, provisions, ammunition, and instruments of war, but in spite of it all the second attempt succeeded no better than the first. Finally, after much useless toil, news came suddenly on the 22nd May that the Grand Visier had passed Essek and was marching towards Cinq-Eglises to relieve Canisia. On the 30th we heard that he had arrived at Sighet. This put the generals into much consternation, which was increased by the vigorous sorties made by the garrison who set fire to the trenches and burnt them from end to end. . . .

"On the 1st June at nightfall they abandoned their camp before Canisia, where they left a great quantity of munitions, grenades, and instruments, and raised with all speed a siege which had cost over a million in gold.

"The enemy followed our army, which was withdrawn to the fort of Serin. Having been obliged to cross to the right bank of the Muer, we left the Turk the advantage of a wood and a hill which commanded our side. He also had a clear and safe road by which to attack the fort, which was itself cut off from support. . . .

"This news flew to the court which had expected a very different report. . . . An express courier brought me on the 4th June an order written by the Emperor's own hand. . . . I was to repair instantly to the spot, and to take over the supreme command of the army. . . . I left Vienna on the 18th June, conferred with the ministers at Gratz, and arrived in camp on the 15th.

"I found the fort of Serin attacked and breached.

. . . We had to defend the fort and the passage of the river over a stretch of several leagues ; the tired troops could not be relieved in their trenches ; the left bank, occupied by the enemy, was covered with woods and heights which overlooked our position, and even the windings of the river were in their favour. Our side was flat, low, bare, and commanded by theirs."

. . . *In Montecuculi's opinion* "the place was in reality of no importance whatsoever," *and impossible to defend.*

"The Turkish Army attacked it with their whole strength at once ; the Christian Army could only defend it by detachments, which we had to send up by a bridge visible to and enfiladed by the enemy. When there are little forts of this kind separated by a river from the force supporting them, the rule is to destroy and abandon them, so as not to lose a disproportionate number of men in an obstinate defence. This course was recommended by the Baron D'Avaugour, a gentleman of long experience in war which he had acquired in foreign parts, even outside Europe.

"However, to please the Count of Serin, it was decided to defend it."

Bit by bit the Turks wore away the defence. At last they reached the innermost line and the orders for withdrawal across the river were given.

"The commander considered that he could hold out till the morrow ; but hardly had we left, Spaar and I, when the enemy made such a furious assault on the entrenchment that the troops inside were thrown into disorder, and took to flight without

having time either to destroy the fort or the bridge. We lost many officers and nearly 800 men; some threw themselves on the bridge which, being overloaded, broke under them; others swam across the river and so reached the bank on which we were encamped.

"The Turk did not let slip this opportunity, and sought to profit by our disorder to pass the Muer; but the defence which we had prepared for all eventualities was so successful that after two hours of obstinate fighting he was repulsed.

"Finally the Vizier seeing that he could not succeed in his enterprise, mined the fort, on the 7th July, burnt and razed it to the ground.

Melvill, .191. "On the 12th early in the morning the Grand Vizier marched towards Canisia. . . . We thought that his plan might be either to go and recuperate under cover of lake Balaton, *or* to march towards our frontiers keeping the lake behind him, to destroy in passing all the bridges, and to lay siege to Javarin, which the Hungarians call Raab, *or* to march straight to the river Raab, cross, and advance to Oedemburg and Neustat in Austria, *or*, finally, to make a countermarch from Canisia and come back to the Muer as soon as we should be gone. We made our dispositions to meet either of these contingencies. . . . On the 14th we marched towards the Raab.

". . . It was of the utmost importance that we should not allow ourselves to be forestalled, because once the enemy passed the Raab all our advantages would be lost: our line of communication cut, the heart of the country appalled, the army surprised and prone to disband. . . . Thus,

on the 24th we took the route to St. Gothard, a position from which we could cover Styria and Austria. . . . On the 27th at mid-day the Vizier made great efforts to cross the Raab, but was bravely repulsed. On the 28th, early in the morning, he set fire to his camp and moved up the Raab: He again tried to cross at Zachan, where we repulsed him with great loss. On the 29th he moved up still further towards St. Gothard, the Christian army keeping pace with him the whole time, and our cavalry effecting a junction with our infantry. On the 30th the two armies encamped opposite each other close to St. Gothard, with the river between them, and cannonaded each other unceasingly. The troops of the Emperor were on our right, those of the Empire in the centre, those of France and the allies on the left. . . .

"On the 1st August, at nine in the morning, the enemy attacked opposite the troops of the Empire, attempting to make himself master of the passage over the river which he had begun to cross the night before without being seen by the guard, who had orders to keep an incessant watch and to intrench. It was the fault of some one who apparently thought that as it had been decided to give battle it was useless to intrench. The fool did not consider that **Melvill,** we wanted to fight indeed, but at our own motion **p. 196.** and advantage; in fact, that we wanted to fight with all the necessary precautions and in good order, and not in surprise and confusion. This latter, however, happened. The surprise took our men very much aback and led to a general action, which lasted seven hours, and was very cruel, bloody, and often

in doubt. But finally victory remained with the Christians, who beat the enemy, threw him back into the river, and remained masters of the field and several pieces of artillery. The Vizier lost upon it more than 16,000 men, the flower of his army, both infantry and cavalry. . . . He lost not merely his inferior troops [accustomed to run away], but all his bravest and most experienced men, Janissaries, Albanians, and Spahis, and those tall heads of Constantinople which are the sword and buckler of the Ottoman Empire. . . ."

"Reiniger," *the Imperial resident at the Porte, whom the Vizier had kept by him during the whole war,* "wrote that the Turk asked for peace (a great and unusual humiliation to the pride of these barbarians), that on his part he had ceased from acts of war, and that he desired that we should do the same; upon which we had the order from the Emperor to publish a suspension of arms, which subsequently became a truce of twenty years."

CAMPAIGN OF TURENNE, 1674

In 1672 France had made an unprovoked attack upon Holland. Two years later her own frontiers were threatened by a formidable confederate host, and only the genius of Turenne saved her from invasion.

Sir Wm. Temple Memoirs, p. 52.

"In Germany the Prince-Electors Palatine Mentz and Trier had entered into league with the Emperor for the defence of German liberty against all strangers. France was so enraged against the Elector Palatine upon these measures he had taken,

that Monsieur de Turenne at the head of a French army marched into his country and made such cruel ravages in it and so unusual to that general's common procedures that the Elector sent him a challenge; which Monsieur de Turénne answered he could not accept without his Majesty's leave, but was ready to meet him in the field at the head of his army against any that he and his new allies could bring together.

"This Prince spighted at the helpless ruin of his country, proved the greater incentive among the German Princes this summer to join their forces, in order to some vigorous action against France on that side. The Duke of Lunenburg engaged first, and afterwards the Elector of Brandenburg in the common cause of the Empires being invaded; Strasburg was prevailed with to throw off the neutrality they had employed since the war began, and declare for the Empire in this quarrel. The new Bishop of Münster entered into the same measures, and all together made a considerable force that they brought into the field on tother side of the Rhine about the end of August, or beginning of September. The old Duke of Lorrain joined them with his troops: the Duke of Lunenburg was there in person; and the Elector Palatine had the command of the army. They were divided as well as the Imperial officers, whether they should enter upon any considerable action or no till the Duke of Brandenburg came up, who was upon his march at the head of a very considerable army that joined the confederates in October. This gave great hopes and designes of entering either Lorrain or Burgundy, or taking

Brisac, or at least Zaberne and Hagenau, and thereby securing their winter quarters in Alsace. Monsieur de Turenne played a defensive game with a small army, and ill handled by the sickness of the season. France was at such a pinch for want of men, or fear of an irruption into their country from Flanders or Alsace, that they called their Ban and Arrière-ban, the assembling whereof had been long disused and in a manner antiquated. However, with some of these new troops and a reinforcement from Flanders after the Battle of Seneffe, Monsieur de Turenne by plain force of skill and that admirable science in the conduct of a war, which no captain of his age could dispute with him, prevented and disappointed every one of the Condeferates' designes, without ever coming to a set battel, though not without several sharp fights of part of the forces upon necessity or advantage."

Of these "sharp fights upon necessity" *the battle of Entsheim was one.*

ENTSHEIM

St. Hilaire Memoirs. In command of Turenne's Artillery.

"On the side of Germany the campaign assumed a new vigour at the beginning of September. The enemy army numbered about 90,000 men, and was in a few days to be strengthened by the Elector of Brandenburg, who was bringing 20,000 to 25,000 of his troops. With this army, prodigious in comparison with that of M. de Turenne, formed only of 20,000 to 25,000 men, the Allies intended no less than the conquest of Alsace, and to drive out M. de Turenne; but if this plan was ambitious it was not so easy to execute. From the first they had several

difficulties among themselves as to the course of action to pursue. . . ." *It was finally decided that* "the best and safest plan would be to negotiate secretly with the inhabitants of Strasburg to have their bridge across the Rhine and their provisions. In crossing the river at this point they would find themselves in the middle of the two Alsaces, and would master the region without M. de Turenne being able to prevent it."

While the negotiations with Strasburg were going on, the confederate leaders attempted to divert Turenne's attention by a feint from Mainz. This operation came near to ending disastrously for the confederates. But they managed to extricate themselves from the trap laid for them by Turenne and returned to Strasburg.

"This affair having failed, M. de Turenne recalled the Baron de Montclear and took his measures to prevent the enemy crossing by the bridge of Strasburg.

"He sent therefore with all speed the Marquis de Vaubran, Lieutenant-General, with 1,200 horse, 500 dragoons, and 2,500 infantry chosen for the purpose and mounted on ponies, to master the fort of Étoile, which commanded the end of the bridge of Strasburg on the town side, and in which there was an inadequate, garrison of about 30 men. M. de Turenne followed this detachment with the whole army.

Melvill, p. 209.

"M. de Vaubran arrived before the fort in time enough to carry it (it was not revetted); but he lost his opportunity in deliberating on the manner of his attack. The ditch seemed deep to those he had sent to reconnoitre it; they reported that it was

divided by a good palisade of which the points appeared on the surface of the water. He considered that he could not starve it out because during the interval the men of Strasburg would issue from their town, and the Imperialists would arrive at the other end of the bridge and would force him to abandon the enterprise before M. de Turenne could arrive to support him. This last supposition was true enough, but haste would have disposed of the other difficulty. Anyhow, he failed in this all-important enterprise, for which he ought to have sacrificed men without losing such precious time in reflection.

"Four thousand Imperial horse arrived; their dragoons threw themselves into the fort, and dispersed the French by their fire. While this cavalry crossed the bridge and put itself into battle under the protection of the fort as they arrived, the men of Strasburg came out and fired their cannon on the French. When M. de Turenne appeared at nine o'clock in the morning, he found this important affair bungled, and the troops of M. de Vaubran withdrawn.

"He camped his army close to the village of La Wantzenau, a league below Strasburg; there he received a reinforcement of 4,000–5,000 men. After that he thought only to fight the enemy as soon as they had passed the Rhine and spread themselves in Alsace. This soon took place."

The position which he had to attack was difficult. The enemy were encamped in three separate corps towards the village of Entsheim. He was covered by the two arms of the river Brusch. The French army crossed the first arm on the 3rd October and—

"We remained in this state all night which passed quietly, although we were only a quarter of a league from the enemy. At dawn, the army crossed the river and put itself into battle, the artillery at the head, and in this order marched upon the enemy, in a cruel rain which lasted all day. After five or six hundred paces of march, M. de Turenne saw that the left of the enemy outflanked by a great deal the right of his army: he, therefore, made it move to the right in column until it had gained the height; and then turn left, so as to be parallel with the enemy, who still outflanked us owing to their superiority in number. Their left occupied a wood whose outer flank was bordered by the River Brusch; the village of Entsheim was nearly in their centre, and their army formed a kind of semi-circle. Their right extended towards the village of Geispitzen, which they left a little behind them, and all this army occupied a firm and advantageous position. The French Army, on the other hand, was in a hollow where the heavy soil, sodden with rain, became very impracticable owing to the trampling of the troops. 4th. Oct.

"M. de Turenne, who did not think much of the enemy's infantry, but esteemed their cavalry which was much more numerous than his own, after reconnoitring their dispositions and seeing that they could not be taken in the flank, resolved to engage in an infantry combat (in which he hoped for success on account of the courage of his own, in which he trusted much). He took his dragoons and all his infantry from the right supported by the cavalry of the same wing, and vigorously attacked

the wood which the Imperialists held with their left. There were then some very fine infantry charges. At the very first the enemy bent; but rallying retook the position and sustained others without the advantage declaring itself on one side or the other. At last after a fight of six hours the enemy was entirely driven from the wood, and we took from them ten pieces of cannon. M. de Turenne had them pursued as far as the village of Entsheim, into which they retired. He wished to make an attempt on it; but as they had some fresh infantry in it, and as that of M. de Turenne was fatigued, he ordered it to fall back into the wood which it had carried, where it remained the rest of the day.

"As yet nothing had happened on the other wing of the two armies, when at the end of the infantry combat things threatened to become very serious. On the left neither of the two armies had moved from their first positions, which were a long musket-shot distant from one another. The Imperialists having seen that M. de Turenne had somewhat depleted it (the left), as also the centre of his line to finish the attack of the right, wished to profit by this weakness and concerted an attack upon the left and centre simultaneously; but it luckily happened that M. de Caprara, who was to charge with 45 squadrons, not considering that the Duc de Lorraine who led the Imperial right, had further to go to reach the French, and indeed a sort of defile to pass, charged before the latter was able to do the same. He overturned all before him (pushing somewhat too hotly between the two lines as far as the height on the left), and certainly

the French army would have risked defeat if M. de Lorraine had been able to charge at the same time; but as he was still far off, the Count de Lorge, who commanded the left of the army of France, had the time to charge at the head and flank of M. de Caprara and beat him so well, that he had great difficulty in recovering himself with the débris of his squadrons who had suffered much.

"M. de Lorraine arrived at the same time within carbine-shot of the French left [which was covered at this point by a road bordered with hedges into which we threw some detachments of infantry, and closed by a little wood where we had posted a regiment of dragoons]. In this situation M. de L. judging the enterprise the more difficult now that M. de Caprara had retired after being beaten, thought to do the same, from fear of a like accident. We let him go after having killed three or four hundred horsemen with cannon fire.

"It was about four hours after mid-day, and as darkness approached, added to the bad weather, and the combat had much weakened the squadrons and battalions, the two armies prepared to retreat, and did so at nightfall.

"The field of battle was left to the dead and dying, which were in great numbers on both sides. The French recrossed the Brusch and came and camped at Marleheim. The Imperialists passed the River Ill at Grabenstadt and were joined by the troops of Brandenburg and Hanover to the number of 2,500 men: so that the Imperial army a few days after the combat, was of 60,000 men, and that of the French 17,000–18,000 only.

"Such was the success of the day of Entsheim, also called by the name of St. Francis, because the combat took place on that day. It would have been more decisive if the right of the Imperialists had charged the French left at the same time as M. de C. had put the centre into disorder.

Melvill, p. 209. "Among the enemy troops those of Brunswick acquired the most glory: their firmness and valour prevented their infantry being cut to pieces."

Melvill's own regiment and that of his friend Molisson both distinguished themselves, as we see from the two following anecdotes.

P. 377. Sichart. [Decken, Feldzüge, p. 120.] "The infantry regiment of Colonel Mollesson, which at that date wore a green uniform with red tabs, received from the French, whom they met that day a great deal, the nickname of the green cockatoos. It was Churchill's task to attempt to break through the centre of the Duke's troops, and he was always stopped by the regiment of cockatoos.

"When Marlborough commanded the allied army during the war of the Spanish Succession, his first question on meeting the Celle troops was 'Where is the brave regiment of cockatoos?'

"The infantry regiment of von Melleville was formed from supernumerary companies, and served in peace-time as an ordinary militia regiment, and the men wore their ordinary peasants' clothes in time of war, and were thus attired on the day of Entsheim. During the night during which the Celle Corps bivouacked on the field, the men of the Melleville regiment stripped the dead, infantry

and cavalry alike, and appeared in the morning as a uniformed regiment, but with mountings of different cuts and colours. The Duke could not refrain from laughing at the sudden transformation, and from that day took the regiment on the regular list, and had uniforms for them brought from Celle."

After the costly day of Entsheim Turenne hastened to place the barrier of the Vosges between himself and the confederate army, and to block up all the passages by which the latter could come at his inferior force. Several small encounters took place for the possession of such points, in one of which the confederates were completely successful.

"The Count of Bourlemont had orders to drive the enemy from a position they had occupied on the height of Sainte-Marie-aux-Mines. He found no one there, and thinking that the Germans had withdrawn he remained upon it. They, however, detached General Chauvet with a thousand infantry, two hundred cavalry, and three hundred dragoons, with the object of capturing the French force. The latter were attacked by the Colonel Melleville with 800 foot, supported by the dragoons. Bourlemont resisted with such courage that Chauvet was obliged to bring up the rest of his troops. The French still defended themselves for some time; but at length were overcome by the numbers of the confederates. The Count of Bourlemont was taken prisoner, besides three officers, and had eighty men killed and wounded. The Marquis de Boufflers, who was half a league distant with

Histoire des Quatre dernières Campagnes du Maréchal de Turenne. M. le Chev. de Beauvain (Grimoard, 1782). Dec. 17, 18.

the dragoons, finding himself too weak to come to the succour of Bourlemont, yet came near enough only to cover the retreat of a part of the detachment. This success cost the Allies about 200 men. . . ."

Siege of Treves

In 1674 Turenne had kept the allies from invading France. His death in the next year, and the removal of Condé, to take his place in Alsace, gave the confederate armies in Flanders their opportunity. It was not immediately seized.

Sir Wm. Temple Memoirs, p. 99.

"When the Prince of Condé left Flanders, to succeed Monsieur de Turenne in Alsace, the Duke of Luxemburg commanded the army in Flanders; but with orders not to hazard a battle, and only to observe the Prince of Orange's motions, and to cover any town that was like to be endangered; which he performed so well that no further action passed this summer, besides the Princes' taking and razing Binch. But to make amends for the unactiveness of this campaign in Flanders, the confederates by concert on all sides, fell upon an enterprise of greater éclat, and of greater consequence, which was the siege of Trier. The Imperialists were bent upon it, to open a passage that way into France, finding so much opposition in their designes of it by Alsace; the Spaniards desired it, to make way for their succouring Luxemburg whenever it should be pressed, which was of the last importance to them; the Duke of Lorraine was violently

for it in hopes of finding a way opened for his entrance into Lorraine; the Prince Palatine thought it the best preparation for besieging and carrying Philipsburg, which was a thorn in his side. So all these joined part of their troops together with some of the Elector of Trier's, and a body of the Luneberg forces under the Dukes of Zell and Osnabrug, and sat down before Trier.

"The Mareschal de Crequi gathered all the forces he could out of the neighbouring provinces, and made up a strong army to relieve it. The confederates left part of theirs to maintain their entrenchments about the town, and marched with the rest against Monsieur de Crequi, passed a river in his sight, attacked him, beat him out of the field with great slaughter, many prisoners, and such a dispersion of the rest, that the whole army seemed to have vanished in one day; and Monsieur de Crequi got into Trier with four or five only in company; there he made such a desperate resistance for near a month against the victorious army with great honour and loss among the English troops that were in the town, and without any hopes of relief, nor would he ever capitulate, after all the extremities he was reduced to by the forms of a siege, till the garrison mutinied against his obstinacy, capitulated for themselves and delivered up Monsieur de Crequi and most of the officers prisoners to the Germans. The Dukes of Lunenburg had great honour in this action, and the old Duke of Lorrain; and indeed it was one of the most vigorous that succeeded in the whole course of the war, and carried the compleatest victory as well as a very considerable

Melvill, p. 211.

town; and the honour of it was very much due to the Marquiss de Grana, who commanded the Emperor's forces there, and was esteemed to have laid the first design, to have concerted the several parts of it, engaged the several parties to resolve upon the same adventure, and kept them firm in it until it was achieved. The loss of men was very great on the French side, both in the fight and the siege; and added to Monsieur de Turenne's death and the impression expected upon it on that side from the Count de Montecuculi; with the loss of the Swedes; made so great a change in the appearance of affairs that his Majesty in a letter to me in September, after my return to the Hague, bid me use it as an argument to the Prince of Orange to be easie in the business of a Peace, that it was now time for him to begin to apprehend the greatness of the House of Austria instead of that of France.

"It was indeed expected, that the Imperialists in Alsace would either enter into Lorrain, or at least take the chief towns of Alsace, and post themselves so the following winter, as to be ready for such an enterprise in the beginning of the next spring"; *Montecuculi did neither* . . . "but, and which was worse than all, he ended the campaign with passing back his whole army over the Rhine, and leaving Alsace wholly in the possession and at the mercy of the French troops. Nor have I ever known any action of such public concern, so unaccountable as this retreat. . . .

"The resentment of it was thought to have broke the old Duke of Lorrain's heart, who died

about this time, and left Prince Charles his nephew, the succession to that Duchy."

That the "éclat" of the action—as Temple calls it—may not hide from us the miserable lot of non-combatant and private soldier, it is well to read more of the letter of the Electress Sophia (19*th September,* 1675), *already quoted for the reference it contains to Melvill, his wounds received in the battle and rapid recovery—*

"What barbarities the Lorrainers committed upon the garrison of Treves in violation of the terms of surrender and the law of nations! Picture to yourself issuing from the town two thousand men with their wives and children, all as stark naked as they are painted for the resurrection. It was only with the greatest difficulty that E(rnest) A(ugust) and G(eorge) G(uillaume) saved them from a general massacre. They both accompanied them on their way for more than half an hour, and then sent their own troops with them so as to save their lives. The sick and wounded they had put into hospital with a thousand others who are being sent up by water to Metz. Crequy was the cause of all this disorder, because he had not condescended to surrender for his unfortunate men, and because he had tried to make them retire into the church with him and defend it; which caused them to leave their positions and throw down their arms before the capitulation was signed. The Duke of Lorraine found all this amusing, they say, and that he actually took part in the pillage. The Count of

Lippe saved the person of Crequy, whom he found in the church. . . . The Colonel Melvill is already walking about in his tent." . . .

As we have seen (pp. 211–215), *it was the last important engagement in which Melvill took part.*

APPENDIX

ATTESTATION FFOR SIR ANDREW MELVILL, 1683

WHEREAS Sir Andrew Melvill, by his proper vallour and vertue, has gained to himſelf that eſteem and reſpect from the Dukes of Lunenburgh, in Germany, that they have made him Collonell and grand Baliff of Gifforne, and have given ſo great continuance to his affaires, that non of the gentrie ther will refuiſe his affinity, if they were bot aſcertain'd of the honeſtie of his birth and family; He, therefor, to give them ſecurity and ſatiſfaction thereof, hes write to ws, his friends and heads of thoſe families for the time whereof he is deſcendit, that wee would give ane atteſtation to the Right Honourable the Lords of His Majeſties Privie Councill, of the honeſtie of his birth and extraction, that they may be pleaſed to give order, that a birth breif may be expeaded thereof, according to the uſuall wont and cuſtome, which will give full credit and ſucceſs to his honour and

affinities ; Wee therefor doe atteſt and declare, that the ſaid Sir Andrew Melvill was ſone to Maſter John Melvill, a man of great pietie and learning, and to his wife Miſtris Joannetta Kellie ; his grandfather was Maſter James Melvill, and his grandmother was Miſtris Iſſabell Durie ; his great-grandfather was Maſter David Melvill, and his great-grandmother Miſtris Marie Balfour : This David was ſecond ſone to Sir John Melvill, Knight and Baron of Reith, whoſe ſucceſſour is now Lord Melvill, and to his lady, Lady Helena Napier, daughter to the Baron of Marchieſtoun, whoſe ſucceſſour is now Lord Napier ; and his great-grandmother, Miſtris Marie Balfour, was daughter to James Balfour, fourth ſone to the Laird of Montwhannie, and to his lady, Margaret Balfour, aireſs of Burghlie ; his grandmother, Iſſabell Durie, was daughter to Maſter John Durie, and his wife Miſtris Mariona Marjoriebanks ; John Durie was ſone to Durie, Baron of that Ilk, and to Iſſabell Lundie, daughter to the Baron of Balgony ; Miſtris Mariona Marjoriebanks was daughter to Sir John Marjoriebanks, Proveſt of Edinburgh, and Laird of Preiſtfeild, and to his wife Miſtris Margaret Maſtertoun, daughter to Maſtertoun of Grainge, in Perth ; and this much for Collonell Melvill's father's genologie. His mother, Miſtris Joannetta Kellie, was daughter to

Mafter William Kellie, and his wife Miftris Barbara Lauder; fhe was grand child to Mafter Cuthbert Kellie, Laird of Riggs and Floores, and to his fpoufe Joannetta Dowglas; fhe was great-grandchild to Mr. John Kellie, Laird of Riggs and Floores, and to his lady, Iffabell Ogle, of the houfe of Poplehall; her grandmother, Miftris Joannetta Dowglas, was daughter to Sir Robert Dowglas of Tilli-whillie, and to his lady, Madam Chriftiana Burnet, daughter to the Laird of Lees; her mother, Barbara Lauder, was daughter to Mafter Alexander Lauder of Winathie, and to his fpoufe Marie Swintoun; Alexander Lauder was fone to Sir Robert Lauder, Laird of Bafs, and to his lady Kathrine Hay, come of the family of Yefter; Marie Swintoun was daughter to Sir John Swintoun, Laird of Swintoun, and to his lady, Madam Anna Cokburne, daughter to the Laird of Lang-toun. That all thofe perfones were joined togither in lawfull wedlock, and are defcended of verie old, noble, and creditable families in this nation, wee have by moft credible information and fure documents; and therfore wee are willing to witnes and give our teftimonies of the fame, not only to the Right Honourable the Lords of His Majeftie's Privie Councill, bot to all others whom it may concern, by thefe prefents, fubfcribed by our hands, Att Edinburgh and elfwhere, in the

moneth of March, one thoufand fix hundreth ffourfcore three years.

YESTER.	LEVEN.
MELVILL.	TWEEDDALE.
ALEX[R]. MELVILL.	AR. COKBURNE of Langtone.
J. L. NAPIER.	AL. SWINTOUN of Merffingtoune.
R. BALFOUR.	JO. MELVILL of Murdocairnie.
JOHN MARJORIBANKS, marchant of Edr.	GEORGE RAMSAY of Edingtoune.
ADAM MASTERTOUN of Graing.	JO. DOUGLASS of Inchmarlo.
RO. LAUDER.	DAVID SWINTONE.
J. DURIE of Graing.	GEORG LUNDY.

Edinburgh, 29 *March,* 1683.

The above written certificate and atteftation of the Geneologie and defcent of the above fd. Sir Andrew Melvill, being read and confidered in Councill, a Borbreiffe was, by their act of the date hereof, ordered to be extended conforme theirto, as is attefted by me,

WILL. PATERSON,
Cls. Sti. Con.*

* From *The Diary of Mr. James Melvill,* 1556–1601. Note editor's remarks in Appendix to the Prefatory Notice. "Like most documents of a similar kind, however, little

faith can be attached to its accuracy; and, without attempting to detect any other error, it may be sufficient to notice the following, which shows either great ignorance or design in tracing his family descent. Mr. James's father is there stated to have been Mr. David Melvill, 'second sone to Sir John Melvill, Knight and Baron of Reith,' and his mother, 'Mistris Marie Balfour;' while it appears from the Diary, that his parents were 'Richard Melvill of Baldowy, and Isobell Scrymgeour, sistar to the Lard of Glaswell for the tyme.' His grandfather, who was slain at the battle of Pinkie, was also Richard Melvill of Baldowie, brother-german to John Melvill of Dysart, and his grandmother, Gills Abercrombie, daughter to Thomas Abercrombie, burgess of Montrose, of the house of Murthlie. This Richard left nine sons, of whom Mr. James's father was the eldest, and the celebrated Mr. Andrew Melvill, the youngest. There is little doubt that Mr. James Melvill was descended of the Melvills of Glenbervie in the Mearns, but it is evident that he was not so immediately allied to the Melvills of Raith, who are now represented by the Earl of Leven and Melville, as the attestation asserts.

"Besides John, the father of Sir Andrew, Mr. James Melvill, who died in 1614, left Ephraim and Andrew, who were both clergymen, and two daughters, Isobell and Anna."

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